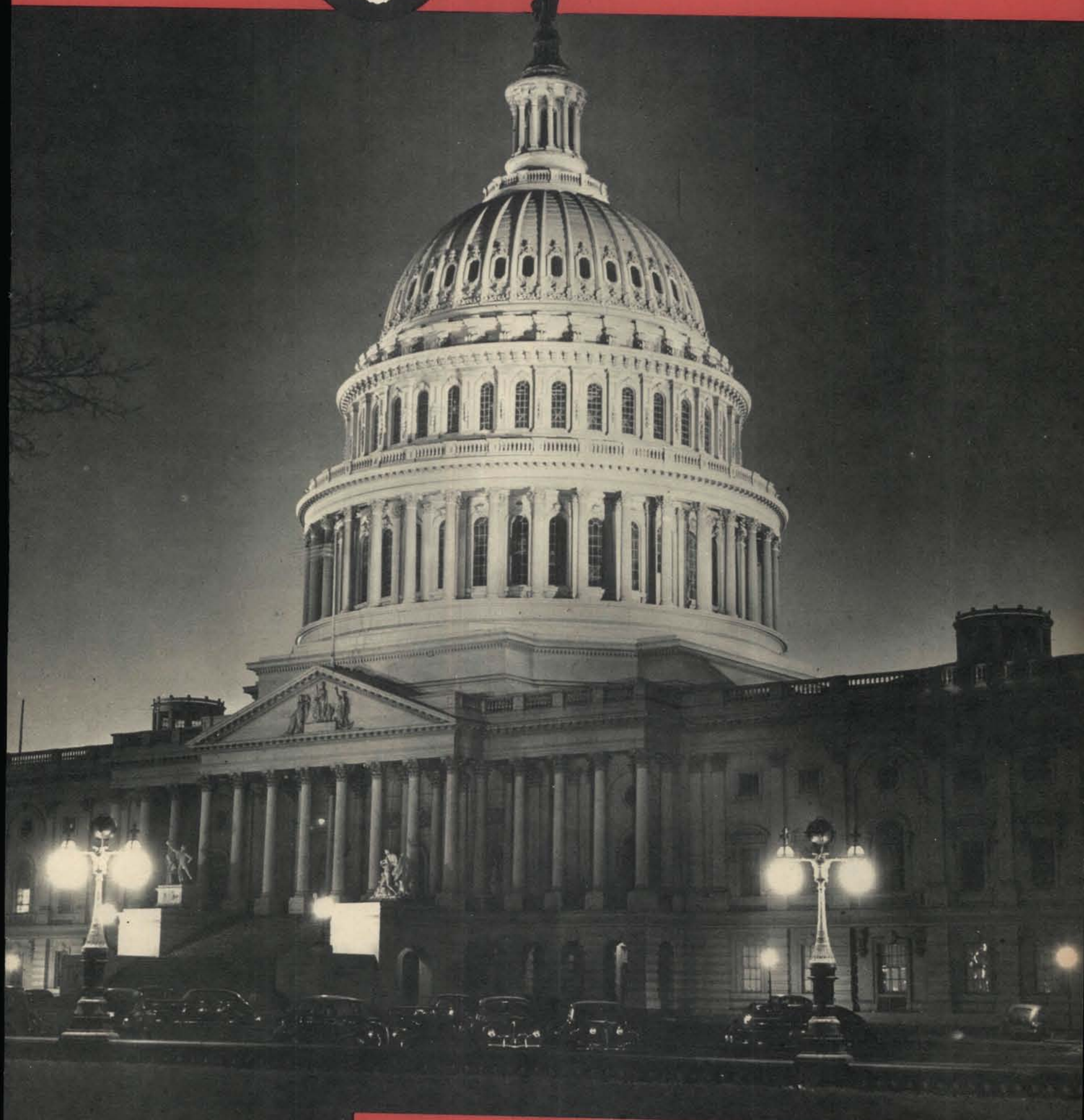
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ DEC. 21, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 27

By and for men in the service

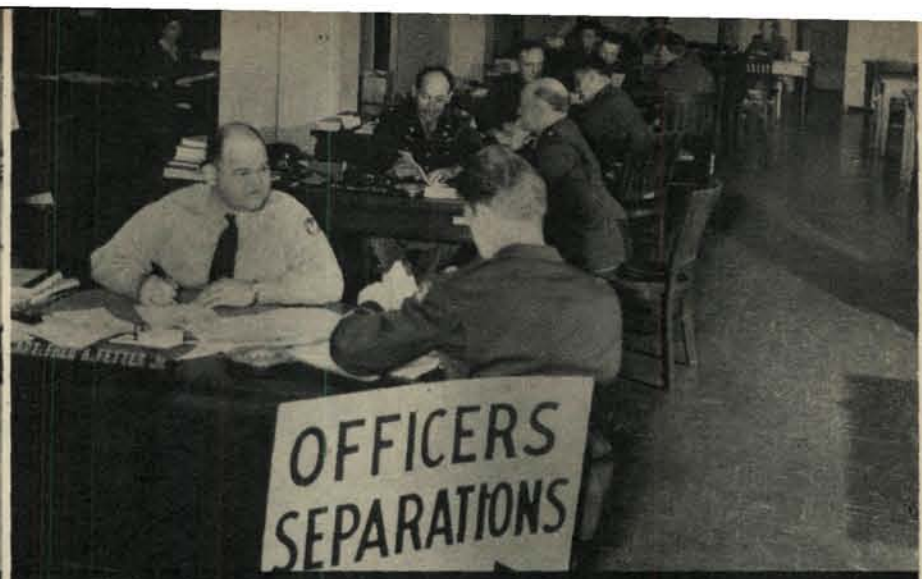


Washington Faces the Peace

A PICTURE STORY PAGES 2 THROUGH 7

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some agencies, notably the WPB, are folding up, but space doesn't stay empty for long. This WPB office is going to the Veterans Administration.



One national headache is demobilization. The Army deals with it in the Pentagon Building, which has its own Separation Center, discharging 60 a day.

Demobilization is bringing more work to the Civil Service Commission. Veterans, like these waiting in line for interviews, get preference on federal jobs.

The atomic bomb is another capital problem. Sen. McMahon (left), shown with Sen. Vandenberg and scientist Dr. Condon, heads Atomic Energy Committee.

Congress is also busy trying to decide who was responsible for Pearl Harbor. Here Admiral J. O. Richardson, former commander of U. S. Fleet, testifies.

Labor and management tried to reach some common conclusions in a Washington conference called by the President. William Green of the AFL is speaking.

Soviet Ambassador and Mrs. Gromyko greet Secretary of the Navy Forrestal at a reception held by the Russian Embassy on October Revolution Day.

Adm. Nimitz, Chief of Naval Operations-to-be, testifies in Congress against an Army-Navy merger. Gen. Eisenhower, new Army Chief of Staff, was for it.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he Wh sident Truman and Secretary Byrnes greet
sh Prim ter), here to confer on the atomic bomb.

WASHINGTON Faces the Peace

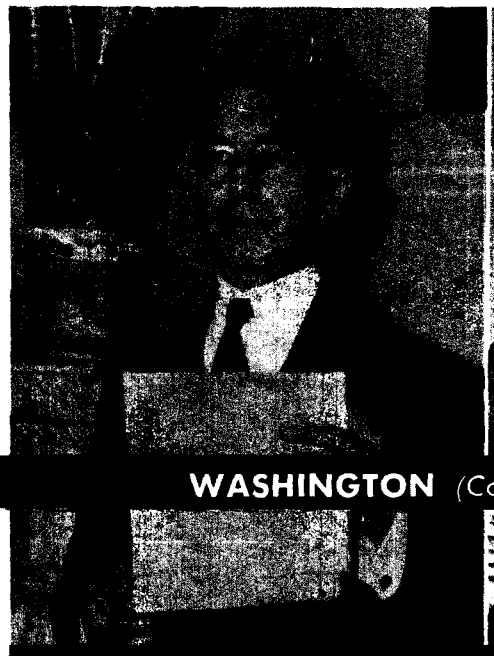
IN WASHINGTON, D. C., spotlights illumined the Capitol dome for the first time since 1941, MPs no longer barred the way to the White House, military and political bigwigs paraded daily before half a dozen Congressional committees on the Hill, and moving vans were busy carting away the records of deactivated agencies. The national capital, like the nation itself, had begun the slow, uneven transition from war to peace.

The end of hostilities had brought problems as acute as those that wartime Washington (and America) ever faced. The scientists who split the atom had done more than destroy Hiroshima; they had forced our political, military and industrial leaders to re-examine almost everything that was basic to our national and international existence. Should the United Nations Organization be revised? What about our relations with the Soviet Union? Would we need to revamp our armed forces to protect us? What did the potential development of atomic energy as a constructive force mean to industry and society?

There were other, equally compelling questions: how to reconvert to a peacetime economy of abundance, with all the related issues of wages, prices, production, consumption and labor-management harmony; how to demobilize speedily yet without stripping the national defense; whether to unify the Army, Navy and Air Forces in the light of Pearl Harbor and the war; how to streamline the Federal Government.

All these, and more, were the problems of peace that Washington had to face. YANK photographers Sgt. Brown Roberts and Pfc. Harry Wignall and reporter Sgt. John Haverstick tell you how the capital is shaping up to the job.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WASHINGTON *(Continued)*

EX-ADMIRAL THOMAS C. HART was recently appointed to a new civilian job as the Senator from Connecticut.

SPRUILLE BRADEN, ex-ambassador to Argentina, is Assistant Secretary of State for Latin-American affairs.

JUSTICE HAROLD H. BURTON, former senator from Ohio, was Truman's first appointee to the Supreme Court.

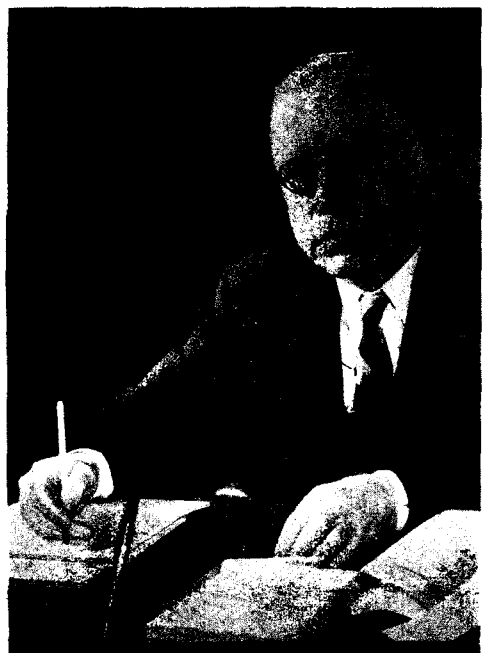
GEN. OMAR N. BRADLEY of the E was named by the President as n Administrator of Veterans Affai

Capital Faces...

THE White House had a new coat of paint. It also had a new tenant, Harry Truman of Missouri. More and more of the advisers who visited him there had been strangers to the White House, sometimes even to the capital, during the Roosevelt Administration. Surveying the new Cabinet and "kitchen cabinet," wags quipped that "Missouri loves company" and that the only Missourian Mr. Truman had forgotten was Mark Twain.

There was no doubt that a large number of the men around the President were old friends from his home state or his days as a senator. Four (Byrnes, Vinson, Anderson, Schwellenbach) of the seven new Cabinet members had served with Mr. Truman in Congress. Although only one (Hannegan) was a Missouri native, at least five other Presidential aides (Snyder, Collet, Ross, Symington, Vaughan) also came from that state. Only survivors of the 1932 FDR Cabinet were Wallace and Ickes.

Familiar agencies as well as faces were disappearing as the President streamlined his Government by transferring their functions to the old-line departments or abolishing them altogether. The War and State Departments, for example, split up the work of the Office of Strategic Services, the War Food Administration was absorbed by Agriculture, State took over the old Office of War Information, the War Production Board's few remaining controls were transferred to a new Civilian Production Administration, and the Office of Censorship folded up.



LEWIS SCHWELLENBACH, onetime Senatorial colleague of the President, is new Secretary of Labor.

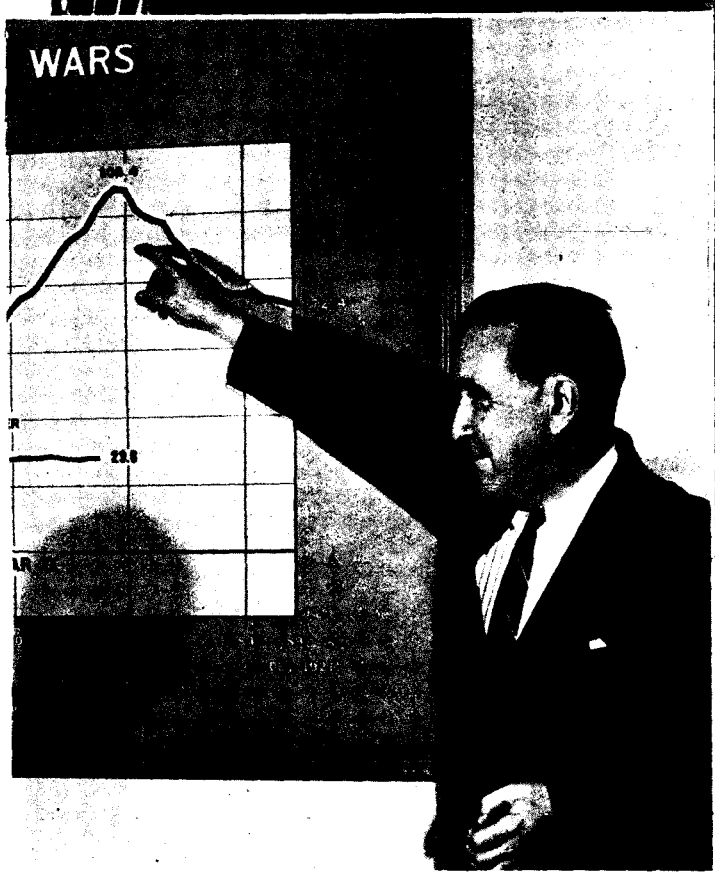
W. STUART SYMINGTON, a St. Louis business man, became head of the new Surplus Property Administration.

CHARLES G. ROSS, Pulitzer-Prize-winning correspondent, contributing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, long a friend of Mr. Truman, was appointed by the President to be his White House press secretary.

JUDGE JOHN C. COLLET, also from Missouri, has the job of directing the Office of Economic Stabilization.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY A. WALLACE, Secretary of Commerce and former Vice-President, is one of two Roosevelt men now left from the original 1932 Cabinet.



CHESTER A. BOWLES (right), whom President Roosevelt appointed as Price Administrator, is still holding down his job under Truman. Its wartime job is over but the OPA still fights possible inflation.

HAROLD ICKES, Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior, is still there in his old department, denying reports of his resignation.

ROBERT E. HANNEGAN, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is Postmaster General under Truman.

BRIG. GEN. HARRY VAUGHAN was promoted from colonel when he took job as Truman's military aide.

JOHN W. SNYDER, St. Louis banker, was one of many Missourians named by Mr. Truman to national office. First appointed Federal Loan Administrator, Snyder later succeeded Fred Vinson as Director of the Office of Reconversion.

GEORGE E. ALLEN has been called Truman's Harry Hopkins. An insurance man, he's from Mississippi.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington peop
many had to wa

Crowded WASHINGTON

Housing is so tight that some people get shoved to the Potomac River. Mrs. A. R. Hilliard, who is wife of a Government worker, lives on a house boat.

WASHINGTON in peacetime, like Washington in war, still seemed crowded to the suffocation point. Despite dismantling of some Government agencies, federal employment rolls would not drop to peacetime levels for perhaps a year. Unusually warm autumn weather that caused the Japanese cherry trees to bloom out of season also brought out great crowds of strollers on the weekends; many of them were Government girls, who now had Saturdays off (a mixed blessing, since they no longer received overtime pay).

Now that gas and food rationing had ended, it was not so tough to get a taxi or a table in a restaurant, but people still queued up for everything else, from movies to nylons. Some new housing projects promised to relieve the situation before long, but Washingtonians still were not laughing at the old jokes about the long-standing shortage of apartments and hotel rooms. It was still Washington, and it was still jammed.

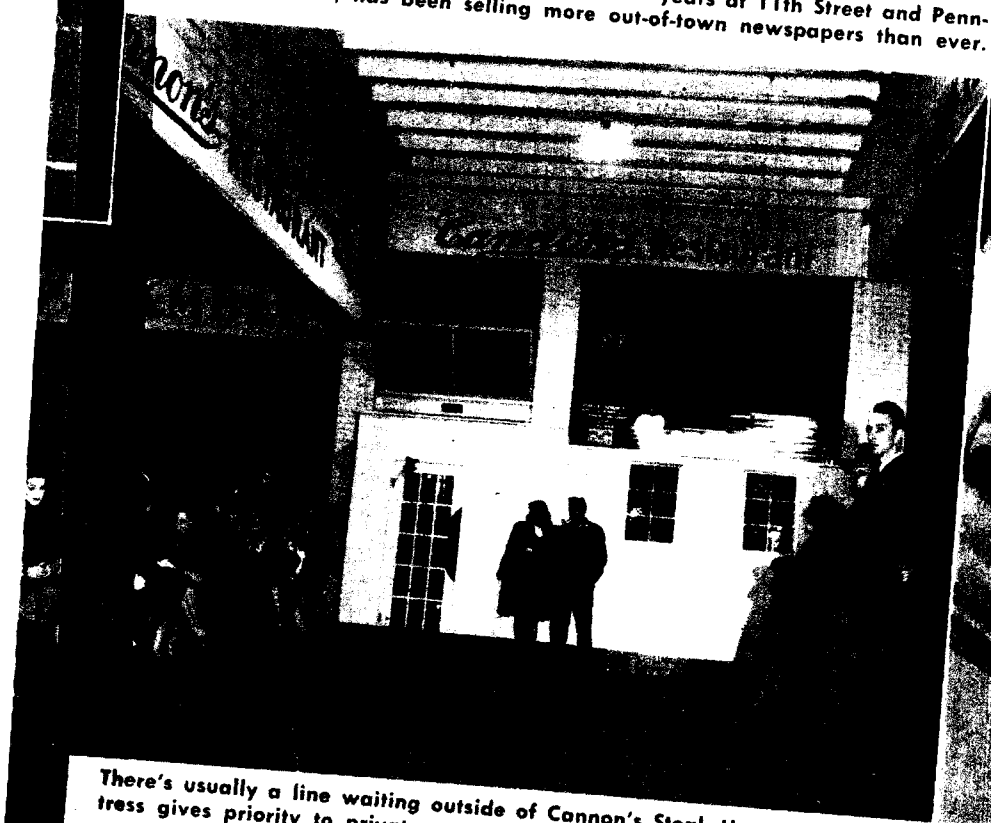
Most Washington restaurants were staffed by women during the war. Now men are coming back behind the counters. Five marines are employed here

The end of gas rationing brought the old Washington traffic jams back. This is normal traffic in front of Navy and M[illegible] buildings, Constitution Ave.

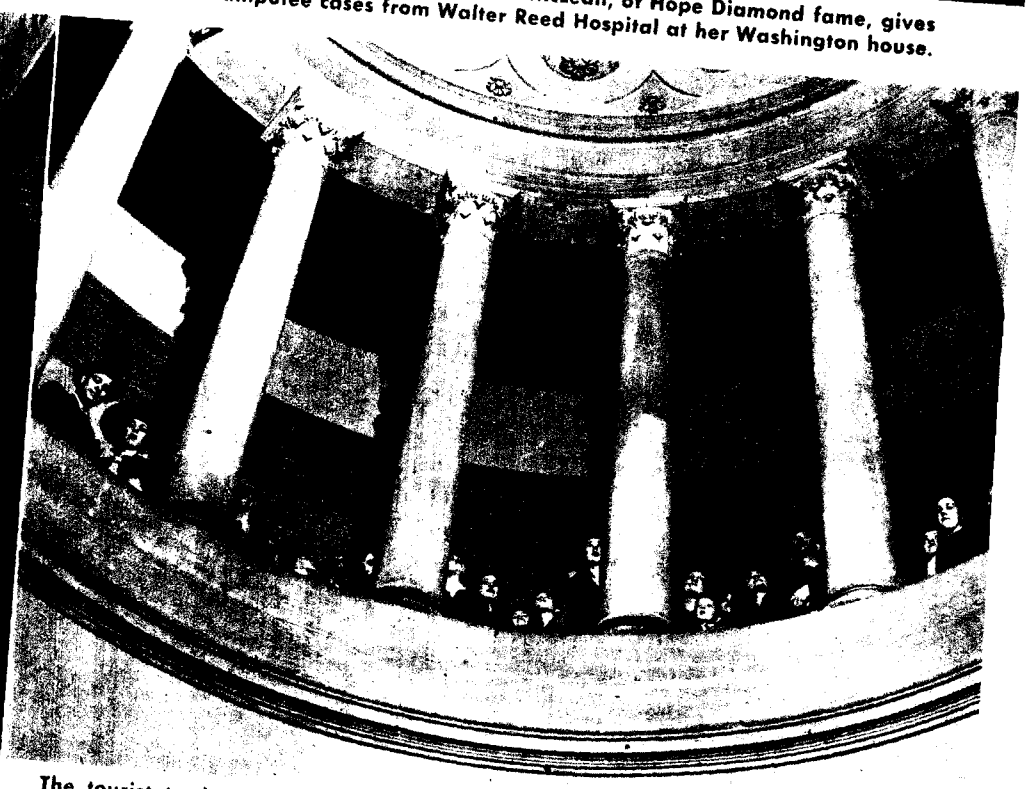
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guy Ferguson, who's had a newsstand for 27 years at 11th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, has been selling more out-of-town newspapers than ever.

Every Saturday night Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, of Hope Diamond fame, gives a party for amputee cases from Walter Reed Hospital at her Washington house.

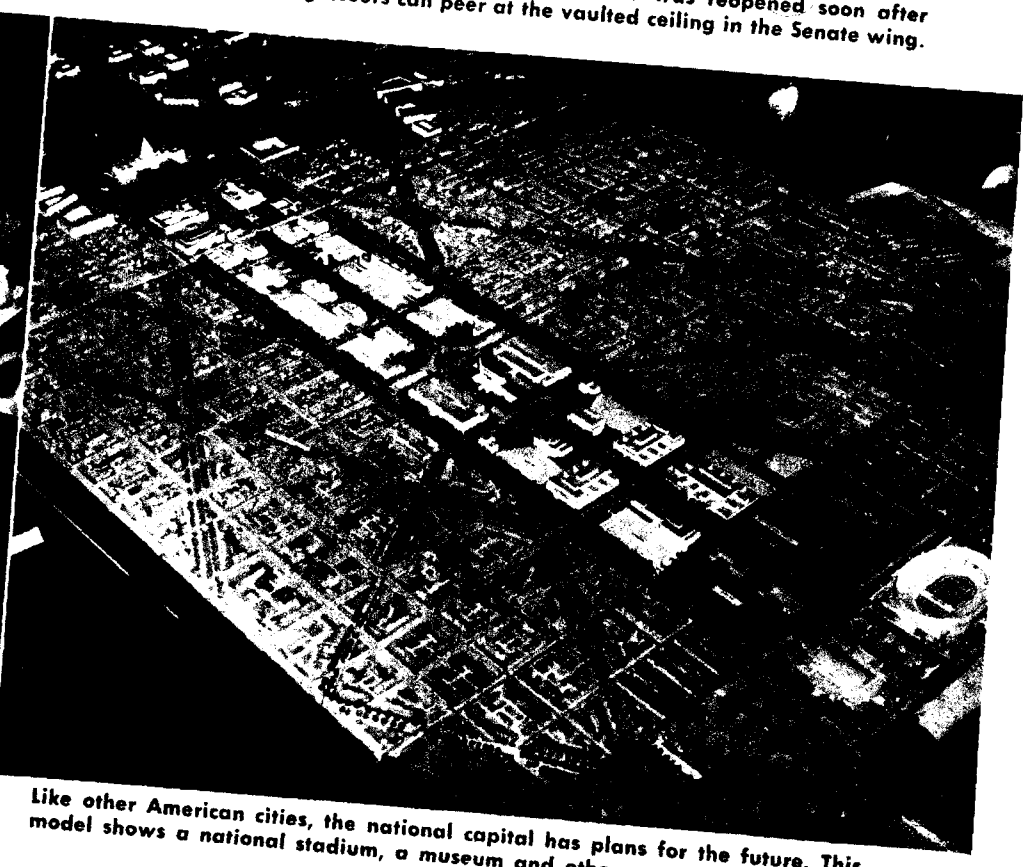


There's usually a line waiting outside of Cannon's Steak House. The proprietress gives priority to privates and shavetails, scarce ranks in Washington.



The tourist trade is picking up. The Capitol dome was reopened soon after VJ- Day, and now sightseers can peer at the vaulted ceiling in the Senate wing.

It's an old complaint that Washington never had enough night clubs; and the ones it has now, like the Russian Troika, are usually crowded to the limit.



Like other American cities, the national capital has plans for the future. This model shows a national stadium, a museum and other new public buildings.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geisha

The geisha is not a prostitute, though GIs in Japan use the term to cover female entertainers generally. She has a long tradition behind her stylized routine.

By Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—They say geisha girls originated about a thousand years ago when the wives and daughters of defeated feudal *samurai* were called upon to entertain the victorious warrior chiefs. Being of noble birth, they were women of grace and refinement, well-versed in singing, the composition of verse and the art of how to behave with men.

Most of the first-rate geishas are lying low out in the countryside today, but the few who remain in the cities are in great demand as entertainers for soldiers of another conquering army. Some of the geishas' accomplishments, which are basically the same now as they were a thousand years ago, are lost on American GIs. The geisha routine is a little like a night-club act, a little like the behavior of girls at a well-mannered house-party and a little like an Oriental travelogue with no English titles.

Tokyo's geisha houses have been lumped together with whorehouses by the Provost Marshal in a campaign to control venereal disease. But they still do business. Geisha houses in some other cities aren't even off limits.

The history of geishas and their place in Japanese society gives a little insight into the character of the inhibited, caste-conscious people of these islands. The Japs traditionally seek entertainment outside their own houses, and as long as Jap wives and daughters get pushed around by their husbands the geisha system will probably continue to flourish.

Until a few centuries ago the *samurai* lived off the rest of the population and only women of the best families had the advantages of a private finishing school, where, like some wealthy American girls, they learned how to pour tea and allied accomplishments. Only, in Japan tea pouring is a hell of a ritualistic business, every move loaded with symbolism and governed exactly by the way it was done in ancient days.

During the Tokugawa Shogunate, which was in power roughly from 1600 to Perry's landing in Japan, there was a concentrated isolationist effort to keep the Japanese at home. The geishas flowered primarily because the *shoguns* thought

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they'd be good in connection with the policy of keeping people happy at home. However, internal wars grew more and more infrequent so the original source of geisha girls by conquest and capture was eliminated.

During the Meiji, or post-Perry era, when Japan started to absorb Western culture and to copy Western business and industrial methods like mad, wealthy merchant classes started feeling their oats and looking around for high-class diversion. Prostitution was legalized, and girls from poor families who were in debt (virtually all common farmers are debtors) were sold to white slavers or geisha brokers. This is still how most 20th century geishas get into the business. Sold into a household at maybe 15, a girl is trained by a professional geisha "mother" and lives in the house with practicing geishas, emulating their graceful movements, watching them as they spend days in endless rehearsing. They rehearse dancing, singing, playing of the *samisen* and how to be charming. In a few years the girl is ready to go to dinner parties, where she will be charming night after night for some 25 years. Geisha training was and still is rigid, but the institution itself has deteriorated, with second- and third- and fourth-rate girls—the last being actual prostitutes or *joro*.

In the Meiji era the girls were chosen for the first time on a basis of face and figure. These had formerly been considerations secondary to family background and brains. The social position of the geisha is tricky. Before the war Jap newspapers had gossip columns on the geishas, as esoteric as any keyhole column in a New York tabloid. These columns usually ran right next to the stock market quotations; the geishas owe their support to the wealthy people of Japan.

Geishas don't associate with non-geishas. The two aims of geishas are supposed to be marriage or at least mistresshood to wealthy, handsome Japanese and securing their own freedom. Freedom can come about when a girl has worked out the terms of the contract made by her parents or when some man buys off her contract and sets her up as his mistress or as a madam of her own geisha house. In explaining the geishas, the modern Japanese deny the geishas are slaves—or rather they say that the system really isn't as bad as it sounds, because the girls learn things they would never have learned and they get to wear terrific clothes. They have definitely better taste in color harmony than the average Japanese women. They spend hours in baths which they take together in huge tubs, and they patronize hairdressers where they presumably discuss last night's customers and the reputations of whoever happens to be elsewhere at the time.

If a man wants to "buy" a geisha and set her up in business for h[illegible] versation with and [illegible] mother for expenses [illegible] ing. Geishas get only [illegible] keepers and can't leave [illegible] which they are attached. However, they can [illegible] fuse to live with the would-be buyer, if they want. A top-notch geisha is like a high-priced movie star. Because of the influence of her patrons she can afford to be temperamental. Jap men like to spark geishas. With marriage arranged by their parents this geisha business is virtually the only romance open to them.

The geisha house is actually a place where the girls live and receive training. They do business at *rioriya* or restaurants and at even the more elaborate *machiai*, literally waiting rooms, which are carefully designed, always spotless.

Before the war the geishas began wearing their hair short like American girls. Also in the gay thirties a new class of female entertainers emerged in Japanese cities. These were waitresses and bar girls who hung around cafes and dime-dance joints. They drank with customers, wore high heels and skirts. This was in line with general Westernization of the surface of Jap urban life in the period between World War I and World War II. The bar girls belonged to nobody and were in a sense the poor man's geisha.

Before the B-29s burned most of them out there were geisha houses or rather *rioriya* and *machiai* in each of Tokyo's districts. They all were said to have their own special characteristics. Some were cheap hangouts for students, some were dens for politicians. The Shimbashi and Sakasaka areas catered to wealthy merchants and were most expensive. Nowadays a party of four planks down maybe 3,000 yen for an evening's entertainment.

Yoshiwara, definitely not a geisha district, is said to have been the largest red light section in the world. It was, before bombing, a walled city in the slums of Tokyo, consisting of thousands of cubicles with girls peering out at customers and urging them to step inside. Yoshiwara was burned out during the war. In pre-Pearl Harbor days it was a must for tourists and flashy Jap gadabouts.

To get into a good geisha house (GIs in general don't use the term in strict sense implied above) it is necessary to be taken by a Jap host. Because of the rarity of first-rate places and the high venereal-disease rate in cathouses, all geisha houses are off limits until corrective hygienic measures can be taken by the authorities. GIs still manage to muscle in, but the parties have to be arranged well in advance.

We were taken last week through the maze of streets in the unbombed sector of the Shimbashi district winding up in front of a lighted doorway opening on a narrow alley. This was the *rioriya*. We took off our shoes, put them in cubbyholes in the foyer, then walked up the broad, beautifully polished staircase. The stairs opened on a hallway, the walls of which were sliding paper doors leading into fairly spacious rooms with straw mats on the floor. Sound of revelry from the room next to ours was loud. The walls were plain and thin.

We sat on cushions around a low table, and in a little while the girls came in, kneeling and bowing in the doorway and crawling over to our sides on hands and knees. This lowly position is traditionally assumed by any Jap female entering or leaving a room so she won't be put in the embarrassing position of looking down on the superior males. It is refinement of the old business about nobody being allowed to look down on the Emperor, another manifestation of ironclad inferior-superior relationship in Japan.

The girls don't usually eat with the customers, but since the advent of the Americans they have changed that because Americans feel uneasy when the girls just sit and don't eat. Geishas like this innovation fine, because the food served in the restaurants tastes better and is more plentiful than what they get elsewhere.

The girls gave us their names, poured us cup after tiny cup of warm *saki* and showed us how to use *hashi* (chopsticks). They laughed when we demonstrated our clumsiness with chopsticks. The customer is apparently always funny. They kept ladling out food. It consisted of hors d'oeuvres, jumbo shrimp served hot and fluffy, and bowls of exotic Chinese slumgullion containing fish, meat, clams and vegetables.

We asked our host about the natural inclination of men to make passes at geishas after they had drunk a few pints of *saki*. He said that with second- or third-rate geishas, if they know you very well sometimes it becomes man and woman instead of customer and entertainer. As the geishas smiled and poured *saki* and otherwise made like highly interested dinner companions, our Jap host held hands with one or another of them and talked what must have been Jap baby-talk. The girls played right along with him and seemed to enjoy it.

Pfc. Patrick Gleason of New York City, one of our party, called the experience "colorful." "As I see it," said Gleason, "it's strictly a class proposition, not national. Just the Japanese version of a rich man's pleasure." Gleason, a former Broadway publicity man, pointed out the modern-day American parallel in the visiting butter-and-egg man from Detroit or Buffalo who comes to New York and is introduced to a show girl, whom he may possibly set up in a suite at the Waldorf on his future visits.

After eating and drinking we filed out into an alley and walked four blocks with the girls to the *machiai*, where we were again ushered to a big straw-matted room to watch the geishas dance. Their dancing consists of graceful posturing, coy bends of the head, and flat-footed movements around the room. It is formally mannered and hasn't changed much from the dancing done by the geishas hundreds of years ago. Each dance is an interpretation of some familiar classic poem, usually dealing with birds, animals and the beauties of nature. Jap customers are thoroughly familiar with each movement of the dance and look on with a considerably more critical eye than GIs. The GIs regard the whole thing as something alien and slightly embarrassing, like tolerant, old folks in the U. S. might look on their first exhibition of jitterbugging.

To most Americans, geishas have an unreal, doll-like quality. They are so carefully costumed and heavily made up that they are like animated versions of the beautifully-gowned miniature mannequins that are sold in little glass cases as souvenirs. They speak only a few words of English—usually "Hello," "Good-bye," and "Oh, my aching back." Their actions are so carefully pretty that it is hard to believe you are in the presence of real, live women.

If a bona-fide geisha strays seriously from the path, she is dropped from the geisha guild, a sort of welfare organization which takes care of old, beat-up geishas and serves as a watered-down union. Such ostracism is almost unheard of. When a case arises, the head of the guild for that district, usually a former geisha or some geisha mother or *machiai* executive, will go to bat for the girl if she thinks her side of the case is justified. If the gal is kicked out, it reflects on the guild and on the prestige of the whole geisha system; also it outlaws the girl from all but the lowest stratum of society. A hell of a lot of face is lost all around.

During the war the geishas had it rough. In line with the Japanese Win-the-War program of Spartan living, the Tojo Government made them close down in March 1944, and a lot of girls had to go to work in factories. Others headed for the countryside, where they hid out until things blew over. A few remained to give private entertainment to Government officials like Tojo, who, by the way, was no Spartan. He took personal geishas to some of the southern islands when he flew down on inspection trips early in the war.

A few top-notch girls are drifting back now into the big cities. There are many houses of prostitution, which GIs call geisha houses, but they are no more real geisha houses than a hamburger joint is the Ritz.

Experts on geishas say that the old system will remain but will undergo modifications now that the Americans are here and now that Japan is groveling more or less blindly around the bottom of her steep road back into the good graces of the rest of the world. What the modifications will be nobody knows for sure. Probably the girls will be taught English in addition to other duties, and they will modernize certain aspects of their behavior. The method of procurement may come to be a little less sordid.

Geishas themselves, like party girls any place, seem perfectly receptive to change, but, like common people caught in the toils of every other feudal institution in Japan, they don't seem to know quite how to go about it.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was Air Power Decisive?

A civilian agency, studying at first hand the effects of our strategic bombing on Germany, turns in a revealing report.

By Sgt. ROBERT BENDINER
YANK Staff Writer

"BOMBS RIP HAMBURG," "REICH OIL PLANTS BLASTED," "RAF POUNDS RUHR." Day after day, for at least two years, headlines like these studded the U. S. press until many people began to wonder how long the bombarded Germans could continue to produce the sinews of war.

Then it developed that targets already "obliterated" were being obliterated all over again—repeatedly—and doubts sprang up as to just how effective the air war really was. With only contradictory reports from dubious Swedish salesmen and equally dubious Swiss observers to rely on, the public and even Air Force officials, despite reconnaissance photos, remained ignorant of the full effects of the air war until our troops went in.

Even then, the full tale would have been obscured by the loss of records and the destruction of certain types of evidence if the War Department had not provided an agency to travel with the advancing forces and gather the vital information. The United States Strategic Bombing Survey was the name given to this agency, which has now transferred its operations to Japan, and its first full report clears up questions that have waited a long time for answers.

The Survey project had its inception in a letter from President Roosevelt dated Sept. 7, 1944, in which he suggested to the Secretary of War that "it would be valuable in connection with the air attacks on Japan and for postwar planning to obtain an impartial and expert study of the effects of the aerial attack on Germany." Two months later the Survey was established and embarked on its first task, that of recruiting and training personnel for the big job ahead. The T/O called for 300 civilians, 350 officers and 500 enlisted men, with headquarters in London, a forward headquarters near Frankfurt and several regional headquarters to be strung out through Germany.

Franklin D'Olier, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, was chosen to head the project, with Henry C. Alexander, of J. P. Morgan, as vice-chairman. It was the "first time in military history," as Gen. H. H. Arnold of the Army Air Forces pointed out, "that a major service or phase of warfare has been subjected to the careful scrutiny of objective civilian analysis."

The enlisted men, drawn from every branch of the service by spec number, were selected to fill jobs as interpreters, draftsmen, photographers, tabulators and personnel clerks. A few were stationed in Washington, but most of them were shipped off to London in the fall of 1944 for a brief period of training and orientation in the work of the Survey. Quartered at Bushey Park, which had been SHAEF Headquarters before D-Day, they were drilled in their respective tasks and found themselves at the very core of the Allied command. One detail of 15 men was assigned for three weeks to the Central War Room, near Downing Street, where much of the top-echelon planning of the war was done. On more than one occasion a GI would come across Winston Churchill scurrying along a corridor—and find himself too awed to respond to the Prime Minister's V-sign greeting.

From Bushey Park the Survey workers—civilians, officers and enlisted men—went across to the continent in small teams, rarely numbering more than 15 and sometimes as few as six. Their assignment called for front-line duty, since the objective was frequently to grab records before the retiring Nazis might have a chance to destroy them. In characteristically systematic fashion German factory officials had carefully recorded the results of each bombing—casualties, property damage done, effects on morale and even the extent of destruction by each type of bomb.

This was precisely the information the Survey was after, and it was hidden in the least likely places—in barns, in caves, in private houses, in a hen house on one occasion, and several times in coffins. Skilled investigation had to be conducted, and risks had to be taken. Although the casualties were not heavy by combat standards, two of the enlisted men met their deaths in line of duty, and a fair proportion of Purple Hearts were won as well as a number of field commissions and Bronze Stars.

Typical of the questions that civilians had long been asking and that the Survey set out to answer were the following: *Is air power decisive in winning a modern war? What did the bombings do to German industry? What happened to the Luftwaffe? What effect did the air war have on German morale?*

Before answering the first of these questions the Survey Report makes it extremely clear that air power alone was not counted on to bring victory. Neither was it intended to be a subordinate operation. The air attacks were conceived, says the Report, as "part of a larger strategic plan—one that contemplated that the decision would come through the advance of ground armies rather than through air power alone."

Specifically, the role of aviation was to establish air superiority prior to the invasion and to use that superiority to weaken the enemy's "will and capacity to resist." "Will," here, means morale, and "capacity" means industrial power. It is chiefly on these two counts, therefore, that the performance of the Allied air forces is judged in the Report.

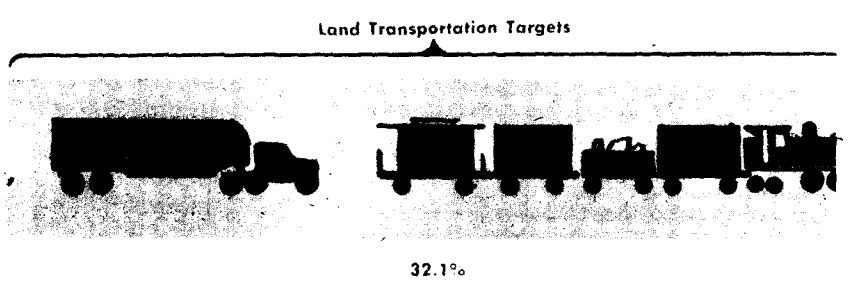
Within this framework the agency found that "Allied air power was decisive in the war in Western Europe"—decisive, but not quite in the way a casual follower of the war news might have imagined. The air war did not destroy German industry, plant by plant, because Germany's recuperative power—its ability to get a bombed-out factory back at work—was one of the surprises of the war. Second, the terrific punishment inflicted on the German people from the air shook their morale and induced a spirit of defeatism, but it was not enough to change that defeatism from passive discontent to open revolt.

Finally, the air war was decisive only when domination of the air over Germany had been attained: "Without it, attacks on the basic economy of the enemy could not have been delivered in sufficient force and with sufficient freedom to bring effective and lasting results." The *Luftwaffe* had to be crippled before the Allied air forces could do an effective job. Each of these points receives extended treatment in the Report—and the facts appear to warrant the emphasis.

No indispensable industry was permanently put out of commission by a single attack or even by a few repeated attacks. Germany was well prepared, and a number of factors operated to cushion the worst effects of the air raids. Plants, machinery, and manpower were so plentiful that throughout the war a great deal of German industry was on a single shift basis. Fewer German women were engaged than in the first World War, consumers' goods stocks were high and the average work-week was actually below that prevailing in Britain. All of this meant that when the pounding really got heavy, the Germans had plenty of industrial power in reserve.

In addition to this potential power, the Germans soon found, according to the Survey, that Allied bombing was not quite so accurate as was generally supposed on this side of the Atlantic. In training, our crews achieved great precision

BOMB TONNAGES: Principal Target Systems



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under target range conditions, but, says the Report, "It was not possible to approach such standards of accuracy under battle conditions. . . ." Formation flying dictated bombing patterns which did not always make for precision. Taking the air war as a whole, Survey studies show that "only about 20 percent of the bombs aimed at precision targets fell within the target area," that is, within a thousand feet of the objective. Great improvement was noted as the war neared its end, of course, and for the month of February 1945 a peak accuracy of 70 percent was achieved.

The speed and persistence with which the Germans were able to get bombed plants back into operation were a disconcerting feature of the air war. They took such advantage of every pause in the assault that in several major instances Allied efforts were fruitless in the long run.

Take, for example, the story of our attacks on the ball-bearing industry. Half the output came from plants in the vicinity of Schweinfurt, and in a series of raids extending over many months Allied airmen dropped 12,000 tons of bombs over this vital area—one-half of one percent of the total tonnage delivered in the entire air war. Early results were highly encouraging: In September 1943 production was down to 35 percent of the pre-raid level. A month later came the famous raid in which German fighters and flak took a toll of 62 American planes, with 138 others damaged. That heavy loss forced us to allow the Germans a breather, which they used to great advantage. Factory structures had been badly damaged, but machines and machine tools were in relatively good shape. The Germans also had substantial stocks on hand, and energetic steps were taken to disperse the industry. By the autumn of 1944 production was back to pre-raid levels, and the Survey finds that in the end, "There is no evidence that the attacks on the ball-bearing industry had any measurable effect on essential war production."

MUCH more successful was the attack on oil. This vital commodity, tight to begin with, was naturally made a high-priority target as soon as German air power had been appreciably reduced. Here, too, the Nazis were resourceful, and at one point they employed 350,000 men for the repair, rebuilding and dispersal of bombed plants and for new underground construction. Nevertheless, Germany's synthetic oil production dropped from a high of 316,000 tons per month, when the attacks began, to 107,000 tons in June 1944 and 17,000 in September. The Survey staff located a desperate letter written in June of that year to Adolf Hitler, in which Albert Speer, the Minister of Armaments, advised his Fuehrer: "The enemy has succeeded in increasing our losses of aviation gasoline up to 90 percent by June 22. Only through speedy recovery of damaged plants has it been possible to regain partly some of the terrible losses."

The cost to our air forces was high. According to the Report, our "air crews viewed the mission to Leuna [largest of the synthetic oil plants] as the most dangerous and difficult assignment of the air war." The plant was first put out of production on May 12, 1944. In 10 days it was functioning again—at least in part. Attacked once more on May 28, it not only got going within a week, but by early July was producing at 75 percent of capacity. So it went throughout the summer and fall, each attack followed by repairs and restoration of production at a progressively lower level. By the end of the year production was down to 15 percent and remained at that level to the end of the war. To attain the crippling of this one plant, 22 full-scale attacks were required over a period of a full year, involving 6,552 bomber sorties and 18,328 tons of bombs.

High as the cost was, it paid off many times over, and constitutes perhaps the best illustration of the decisive value of the strategic bombing campaign. The loss in oil production was drastically felt throughout the enemy's armed forces. Pilot training was dangerously curtailed to save gasoline. The movement of *Panzer* divisions in the field was seriously hampered, and when the Germans launched their desperate counteroffensive in December 1944, they knew that their oil reserves were insufficient.

According to information obtained by the Survey group, the Nazi leaders hoped to make up the shortage by capturing Allied stocks. They failed in this objective, and as a result, many *Panzer* units were lost for lack of fuel. Similarly, says the Report, "in February and March of 1945 the Germans massed 1,200 tanks on the Baranov bridgehead at the Vistula to check the Russians. They were immobilized for lack of gasoline and overrun."

Hardly less important a result of the successful raids on Germany's synthetic oil plants was the crippling of her nitrogen output. So seriously was the supply of explosives lowered that by the beginning of 1945 the Nazis were filling shells with a mixture of explosives and non-explosive rock-salt extender. Units manning flak guns were told to fire only on planes that attacked the particular installations they were assigned to protect—and not even then unless "they were sure of hitting the planes"!

DISPERSAL of plants was the keynote to Germany's defense of her aircraft production—and it was a highly successful defense. Not until February 1944 did the Allies go all out in their effort to blast the *Luftwaffe* in the making. In one week 3,636 tons of bombs were dropped on aircraft plants, and in that and succeeding weeks every known factory in the industry was hit. Nevertheless, the *Luftwaffe* received 39,807 new planes in 1944 as compared with 15,596 for 1942, and more planes were delivered in March, the month after the peak attacks, than in January, the month before. The explanation lay not only in dispersal but in the fact that the Germans had provided considerable excess capacity for the airframe industry. Another factor was the surprising durability of German machine tools, which frequently survived heavy bombing.

What finally washed up the *Luftwaffe* was a change in tactics. Allied fighters, formerly confined largely to protecting bombers, were shifted in 1943 to the task of destroying German fighters. They succeeded so thoroughly that the resulting loss of Nazi pilots, and the disorganization of squadrons, reduced the *Luftwaffe* to ineffectiveness by the spring of 1944. German air generals admitted to Survey officials that on D-Day "the *Luftwaffe* had only 80 operational planes with which to oppose the invasion," and that "at no time between D-Day and the break-through at St. Lo did reinforcements offset losses."

Reinforcements did strengthen the *Luftwaffe* later in the year, but never to any significant degree, making the fate of Germany's increased production of aircraft in 1944 a major mystery. The Survey people don't know the answer, and the German generals themselves offered all sorts of conflicting explanations. Hazarding a number of guesses on the subject, the Report suggests that much of 1944's production might have been "lost in transit from factory to combat bases, destroyed on the fields, or grounded because of a shortage of gas or pilots." Then, too, German production figures may have suffered from wishful thinking.

The possibility that these mystery planes were "lost in transit" is a lively one, because, says the Report, "the attack on transportation was the decisive blow that completely disorganized the German economy." In 1939 the German railway system was among the best in the world, and its standards of maintenance, according to the Report, "were higher than those general in the United States." Highly organized and efficient, too, were the commercial highway networks and the inland waterways, which carried roughly a quarter of the nation's freight. From the day of the invasion to the end of the war, the air attack on German transportation closely geared to ground operations, was persistent and crushing. Freight car loading that totaled 900,000 cars in August 1944 dropped to a disastrous low of 214,000 cars by March of 1945. "Thereafter," says the Report, "the disorganization was so great that no useful statistics were kept."

And what about Germany's civilians—those civilians who, we were told repeatedly, could never stand up under such a pounding? Studies conducted by the Survey show by how thin a thread their morale actually hung in the darkening days of 1944 and 1945:

> "The people lost faith in the prospect of victory, in their leaders and in the promises and propaganda to which they were subjected. Most of all, they wanted the war to end. They resorted increasingly to 'black radio' listening, to circulation of rumor and fact in opposition to the regime; and there was some increase in active political dissidence—in 1944 one German in every thousand was arrested for a political offense."

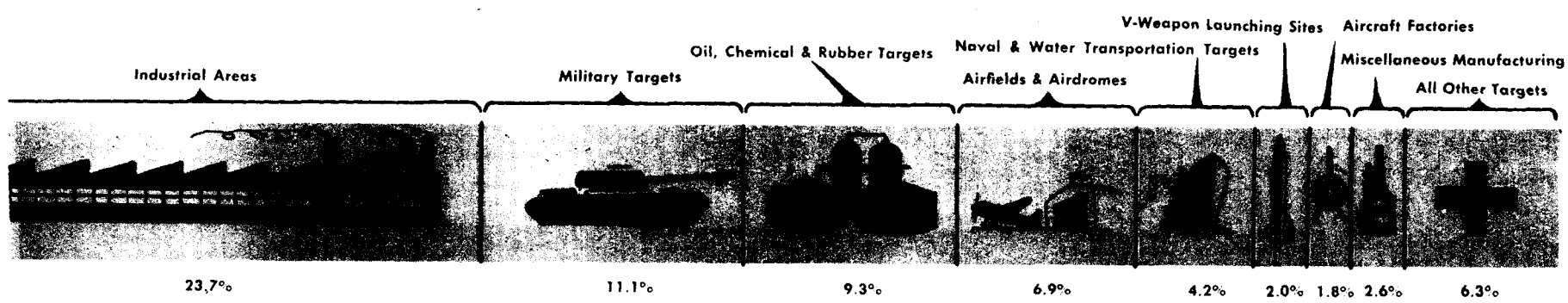
The Survey experts believe that if the German people "had been at liberty to vote themselves out of the war, they would have done so well before the final surrender." Obviously they were anything but free, however, and rather than take the risks of revolt, as other tyrannized peoples have done, they continued to work for the Third Reich up to the very end.

The ability of the Germans to survive devastating air attacks—surprising to their own leaders as well as the outside world—rested only in part on the crushing power of a ruthless police state. There were other factors. One was the fact that production never seemed to suffer for long, however severe the attack. The Survey obtained figures to show that "while production received a moderate setback after a raid, it recovered substantially within a relatively few weeks. As a rule, the industrial plants were located around the perimeter of German cities, and characteristically these were relatively undamaged."

Then, too, stockpiles of clothing and other civilian commodities were available for bombed-out civilians until the very last stages of disorganization. Despite the bombing, Germany—living off the fat of conquered Europe—at no time offered its people a diet inferior to that of the British. German shelters were excellent, though insufficient in number, but fire-fighting equipment proved inadequate. Incendiaries were found to have been four to five times as destructive as high explosives, and "fire storms occurred, the widespread fires generating a violent hurricane-like draft, which fed other fires and made all attempts at control hopeless." The Survey estimates that casualties from air attack totaled roughly 305,000 killed and 780,000 wounded, while 20 percent of Germany's houses were destroyed or damaged.

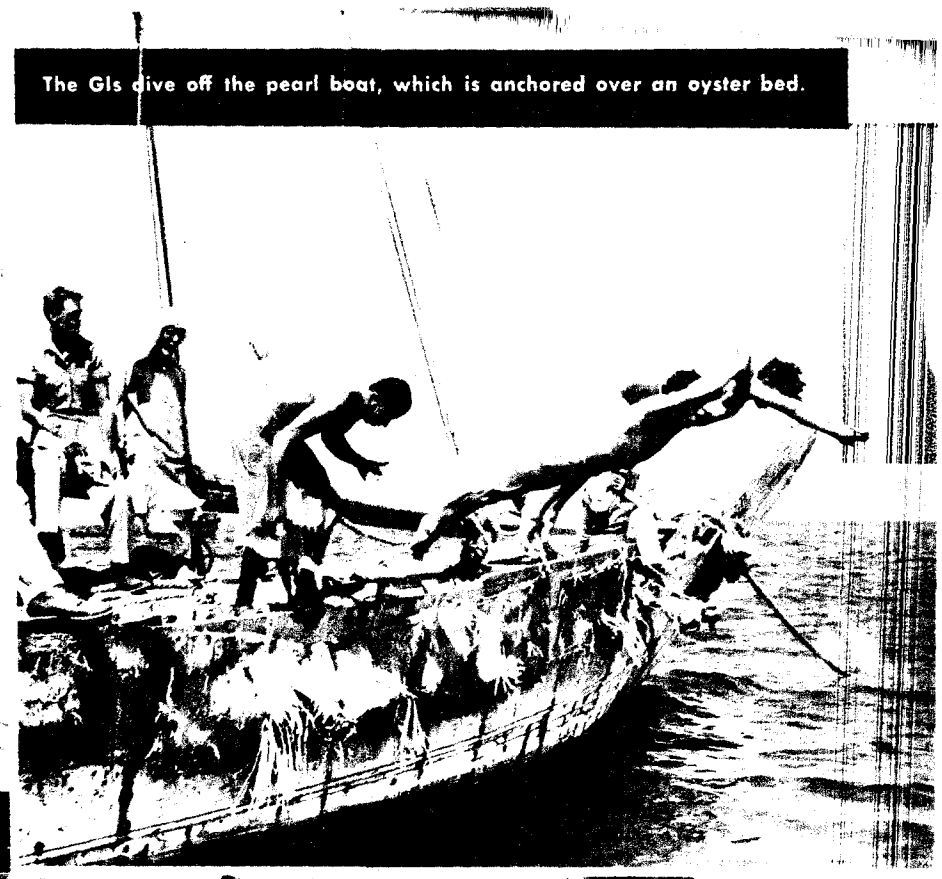
SUMMING up its findings, the Survey authorities report that although air power might have been more advantageously applied in this case or that, its decisive bearing on the victory was undeniable: "In the air, its victory was complete. At sea, its contribution, combined with naval power, brought an end to the enemy's greatest naval threat—the U-boat; on land, it helped turn the tide overwhelmingly in favor of Allied ground forces. Its power and superiority made possible the success of the invasion. It brought the economy which sustained the enemy's armed forces to virtual collapse. . . ."

That should be tribute enough to the air arm. But the men who made this Survey are not foolish enough to believe that the next war can be won by applying the principles of the last one. The little atom makes a world of difference, and "the great lesson to be learned in the battered towns of England and the ruined cities of Germany is that the best way to win a war is to prevent it from occurring." Which nobody can deny.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pvts. R. Corelli (standing) and A. Giardino are rowed out to a pearl boat.



The GIs dive off the pearl boat, which is anchored over an oyster bed.

Divers use a heavy stone as a weight, guiding themselves down by rope.

Pvt. Corelli made a quick 25-foot dive and came up with a hefty oyster.

A native forces the oyster open with a shark knife as the divers look on.

Corelli has a pearl and a big one, the reward for weeks of divin

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

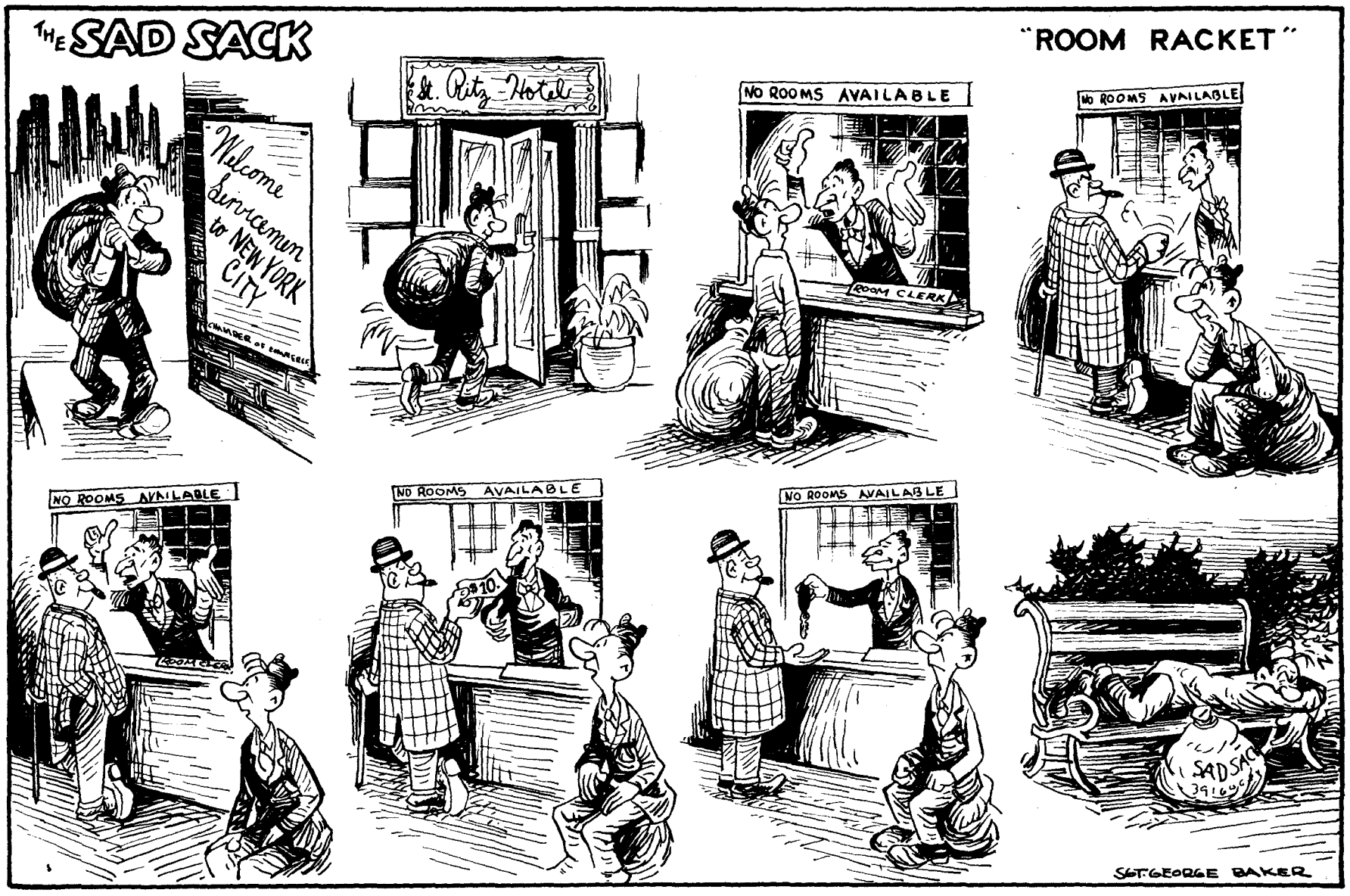
Pearl Divers

GIs stationed at Bahrein Island, an ATC base on the Persian Gulf, don't stay there for long. The Army rotates them after four months because of the fierce heat. Since it's cooler in the Gulf, the favorite off-duty sport is swimming, but some GIs are more adventurous. Inspired by local natives who dive for pearls, they try to bring up a few themselves. Greenhorns aren't lucky, but even one pearl is worth persistence.

The GIs go to a Bahrein pearl merchant to get a price on their pearl.

After much discussion between the pearl merchant (far left) and his son (center left), the GIs are told that their pearl, not a perfe

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE DUEL

By Cpl. GENE P. LEA

FINNEY and the captain had been privates together. Their feud started in basic, and more than three years later Pfc. Robert Finney had it more than ever on his mind.

One Friday night we heard Finney mumbling in his sleep, something he hadn't done before. He was quiet for a while and then he let out a loud, evil and reckless laugh. We couldn't understand exactly what he said, but now and then we heard the word "captain!"

Curses flew from Finney's lips, including a few Jap ones he had recently learned. "I've waited a long time for this!" yelled Finney, speaking very clearly now.

He rose from his sack and marched slowly out into the aisle. He held one arm stiffly in front of him. Everybody in the barracks was awake by now.

"Your weapons, captain?" asked Finney, bowing stiffly from the waist. "Ah, pistols," he said. "Pistols it is."

"Finney!" somebody yelled. "Wake up, Finney!"

He executed a mechanical about-face at the end of the barracks, and started marching back up the middle. He was counting out loud. "Two," he chanted, "three, four."

Several of the boys got out of bed and began to follow him in the semi-darkness. "Ten!" he yelled and whirled around, his arm outstretched as if holding a pistol. All the boys behind him in the aisle hit the floor.

"Bang!" shouted Finney. He stood there a moment, his eyes wide open and staring wildly.

"Dammit!" he moaned. "I missed." He began to sob, his face in his hands. The boys got up off the floor and gathered around him and led him back to his bunk.

"I'll get him next time," he said. He sobbed on his bunk for a while, then slept quietly the rest of the night.

Next week it happened again. Finney went through the same business, paced the floor and counted out the steps. We followed him down the center again, just to make sure he didn't hurt himself, and we figured as soon as the duel was over we would be able to get him back to bed.

"Ten!" yelled Finney. But when he whirled around he had a service .45 in his hand. He held it there an instant, in the darkness, his eyes blazing. We stared one second, then we all hit the floor. There was a roar and a slug went through the screen door at the end of the barracks.

"Missed again!" Finney sobbed.

Next day there was a line in the orderly room of men trying to increase their insurance. Nobody wanted to say anything about Finney, because we were afraid he'd get stuck in a hospital ward. He had plenty of points and was about to go home.

But we slept uneasily every night after that. When he was out of the barracks we quietly removed and hid his .45 and all his ammunition.

It took 10 days for Finney to get worked up again. I was sleeping next to him, and I heard him get up, stiffly, arm outstretched. In the dim light I could see his eyes fixed and glaring. I got up on one elbow. There was nothing in his hands.

"Capt. Martin," said Finney, "choose your weapons." He made his little bow. "Ah," he said, "pistols it is!"

None of us followed him this time. We didn't know what he might have hidden under his armpits. We rolled under our bunks or behind our foot lockers and watched him stalking down the aisle.

"Five," said Finney. "Six." I stuck my head out. He had one hand down at his side, finger pointed, as if it were a pistol. I could feel the 20 men on the floor all holding their breaths.

"Ten!" yelled Finney. He whirled around.

"Bang!" He stood there stiffly for a moment, staring, arm out stiff. Then a fiendish laugh rang through the barracks.

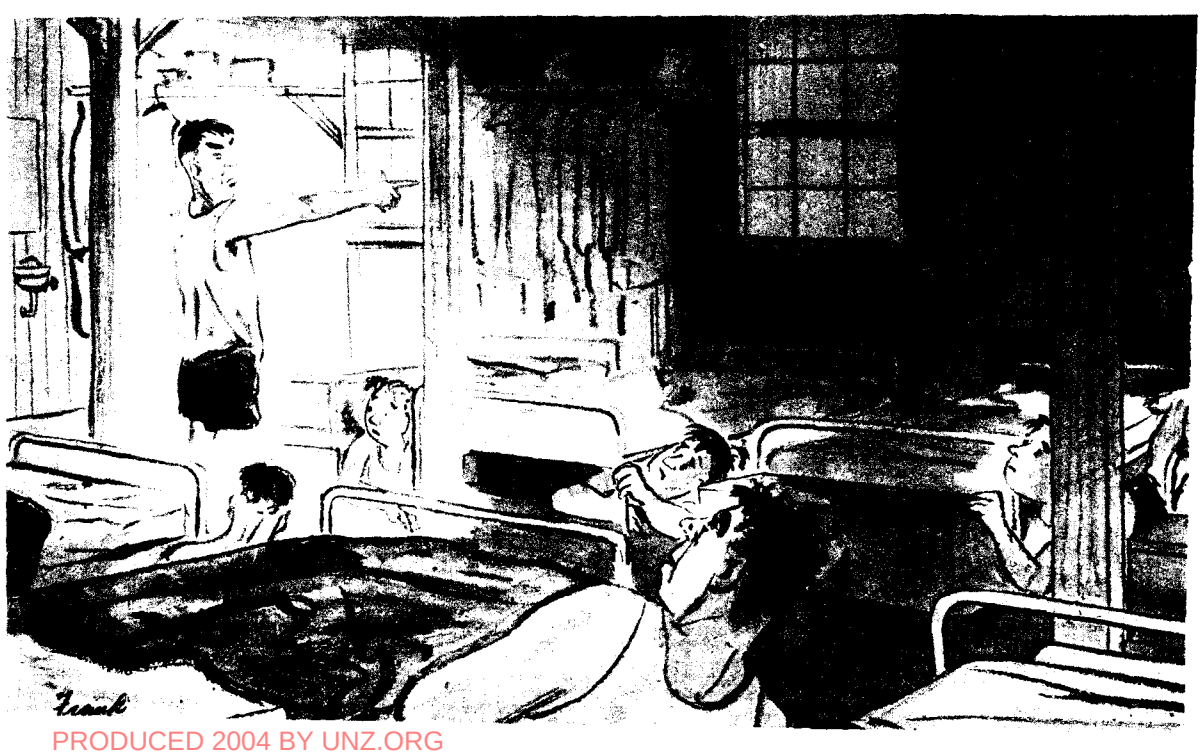
"Got 'im! I got the bastard!" screamed Finney.

We had a hard time getting him back to bed. He kept laughing that blood-curdling way, and giggling to himself, and babbling about how he "got the chicken bastard!"

Next morning a strange thing happened. The post ambulance drove up in front of Capt. Martin's quarters and they carried him out on a stretcher.

They explained in the orderly room, "He died some time in the night."

Finney shipped out about three days later, and he's a civilian now. I write to him every once in a while. In fact, I'm very careful to write him. I don't want him to get sore at *me*.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Christmas on the Rock

MOTHER Nature was in a nasty mood when Jack Frost reported in. "Look, Jack," she said, "I don't often complain when you goof off, but this is really the limit. When I sent you out to bring autumn to all the northlands, you overlooked one place. And here it is almost Christmas."

"Yeah? Where?" snapped Jack, a bright-eyed, sharp-nosed gnome.

"Iwo Something-or-other," said Ma Nature, looking through some papers. "Here it is—Iwo Jima. I know you missed it because South Wind reported she heard some GIs griping about the unseasonable heat."

"Dammit, Ma," snapped Jack, "you should never of made Iwo Jima in the first place. If you hadn't got so stewed at Jupiter's party and heaved into the Pacific—"

"That'll be enough of that kind of talk, Jack," said Mother Nature. "That happened 23,000 years ago. Besides, I would have been more careful if I'd known it was going to be inhabited by anyone but Japs. But now there are United States troops there, so we've got to do something, quick. Get your autumn paints and grab the afternoon typhoon to Iwo."

Three days later Jack Frost was back standing in front of Mother Nature's desk.

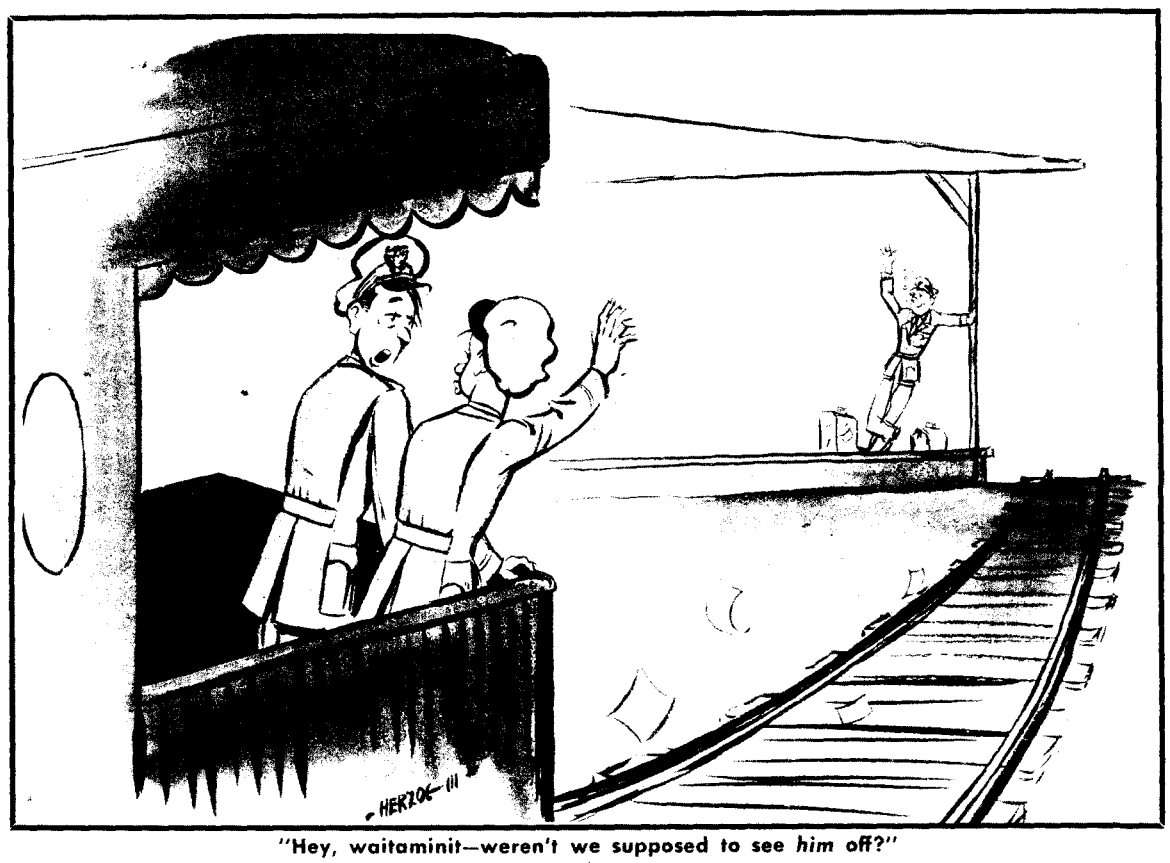
"Well, my boy," she beamed, "how did you do on Iwo? Did you paint the leaves all gold and brown?"

"There aren't any leaves," he muttered.

"Then get some, immediately, from the warehouse, and put them on all the trees."

"There aren't any trees on Iwo," objected Jack. "You've been neglecting that place for a long time, you know."

"Well, we'll *have* to do something for the boys there," she said. "We'll have to make up for this somehow. I've got it—it's getting close to Christmas. We'll let every man on Iwo have whatever he wants for Christmas this year. Tell Santa Claus I said this has an absolutely No. 1 priority!"



"Hey, waitaminit—weren't we supposed to see *him* off?"
—Pfc. C. E. Herzog, Camp Blanding, Fla.

So Frost got all the first sergeants on Iwo to hand out printed blanks (WD AGO Form 35-1440, Christmas Wish Questionnaire), and when they were filled out Frost gathered them up and took them to Santa Claus.

"Don't blame me for this, Santa, but Mother Nature says you *will* grant these requests from Iwo."

"The hell with her," beamed the kindly old gentleman, a vicious twinkle appearing in his eyes. "She's getting too damn big for her britches. I hate working under a woman. But I'll certainly grant those requests from Iwo all right. Anything for a serviceman. Nothing's too good for those boys. Unfortunately I was kept out of the last 63 wars, on account of my essential occupation—"

"Yes, yes," snapped Frost, "I know." He began to open the Christmas blanks.

"What do the boys want?" beamed Santa. "If it's promotions, b'gawd, they'll get them, if I have to bring a new T/O to every outfit on the island. I'll see that every man on Iwo gets a shaving kit, or shower clogs, or fruit cake, or whatever he wants. I can fix anything—after all, I'm Santa Claus!"

A deepening frown appeared on Frost's little hatchet face. "These forms all seem to be the same," he said. "Every man on Iwo wants the same thing—a piece of paper."

"Paper!" beamed Santa jovially. "Why, that'll be simple." He leaned back and puffed on his pipe. "I've never let a serviceman down yet, Frost, and I certainly won't start now. Nothing's too good for them. We owe them an eternal debt of gratitude, and—"

"All they want," said Frost, "is out. A discharge paper. Every single one of them—"

"What?" cried Santa, leaping to his feet. "Discharge? Jeez, who the hell do they think I am? After all, the point system — transportation is tough—must finish the job—you know. I'm only Santa Claus, for cryssakes, I'm not Superman!"

Iwo Jima —Pfc. ARTHUR ADLER

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Santa, my name is GI Joe
I've been a good boy as GIs go.
For three long years, the sum of a hitch,
I've filled an eager-beaver niche.
I've swept my bunk and shined my boots
And tossed highballs to second lieuts.
I've not goofed-off or been AWOL
Or guzzled too much alcohol,
I've never ridden the sick book, see,
Or tried to buck for a CDD.
Though top kicks made my temper quicken
I've never labled them as chicken,
Yes, Santa, you can plainly see
I've been a first class Pfc!

But now that all the wars are won
And de-atomized is the Rising Sun,
Dear old man with cheeks vermillion,
Make me, for Christmas, a merry civilian!
Before the fall of Yuletide snows
Get me out of these damn clothes!
Make Dunder and Blitzen prance and caper
On the double with that Discharge Paper!
But if things should go Snafu
I'll tell you what I'm gonna do:
I'll re-enlist—(a home I've found!)
Santa, bring a Section Eight around!

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

CHAIRBORNE

Corporal, T-5, sergeant, tech,
Specialist first class, pain in neck.
Push a pencil—make the grade,
Pull a trigger—underpaid.
Stateside, homeside, furlough, pass
Make your rating kissing brass.
Orders, records, requisitions
Get you ratings and commissions.
Back from Asia, ETO,
TS, boys, but the T/O—

Camp Croft, S. C. —Pfc. JOSEPH PIRO

SEPARATION CENTER, EM

Look elsewhere for the big operators,
The spinners of strategem,
The weavers of plans and tactics.
Look elsewhere for the lads with glitter in their garments
And swagger in their walk.
Here strode those who did not blueprint victory,
They won victory:
The guy who lobbed grenades on Okinawa,
The driver of the Red Ball Express,
The rifleman who absorbed shrapnel beside the swift Volturno.
Your future is erected upon firmer ground than dreams
Because the strong back.
And the enlisted mind,
Have saved your civilization.

Washington, D. C. —Cpl. MARTIN S. DAY

UNIFORMS AND THE MAN

The khaki is solid, but infinite variation
Will single out the soldier by his dress:
Some tilt the cap in Saturday elation;
Some wear it straight in Sunday soberness.

The sergeant passes; every dazzling button
Asserts the ancient rectitude of rank.
His graceless girth distinguishes the glutton
By generous waist and meager, flabby shank.

A sullen hunch of shoulder shows the grouch,
Forever bitter at his Army status.
The poet under arms, with dreamy slouch,
Invokes a warlike, olive-drab afflatus.

Neutral as looking glass, the khaki norm
Betrays the man within the uniform.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Cpl. EPHIM G. FOGEL

"Haven't I seen you some place before?"
—Pfc. H. McNaught, Camp Cooke, Calif.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Foxboro boys, just turned 18, report to Orell E. Clerk, chief clerk of the Norwood Draft Board.

DRAFT

The guys who gave you your greetings are still on the job after five years, but most of them want out, too.

By Sgt. MARVIN SLEEPER
YANK Staff Writer

NORWOOD, MASS.—When Michael Campiseno turned 18, he was pulled out of his senior class in Norwood High School and drafted. Mike was sore. He swore that if he ever returned, he'd throw his discharge papers on the desk of the board chairman and say: "Now, ya sonuvabitch, I hope you're satisfied!"

The other day, after three years' service, Mike walked up the flagstone steps of the Norwood Town Hall where his draft board keeps house. His discharge papers were tucked under one arm. He wore gray slacks, a white sport shirt and the old beat-up field jacket that had hardly been off his back during the 18 months in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany, as a 4th Division Combat Engineer.

But ex-Cpl. Campiseno had completely forgotten about eating out the board chairman. As a matter of fact, he'd forgotten what the chairman—or anyone else on Massachusetts Local Board No. 119—looked like. Mike was older and more experienced, but he was no longer sore or bitter—at least, not toward the men who had pulled his number out of the fishbowl.

So Mike just walked into the austere, wood-paneled executive chamber of the Town Hall and stepped up to the oak conference table where Orell E. Clark, the board's 53-year-old chief clerk, handles the 20 or 30 veterans reporting back every day since the Army and Navy discharge plans got going.

Mike, like the others, didn't spend much time with old man Clark. The chief clerk is a good, understanding guy. He has a regular spiel for all of them. The vets listen to what he has to say and shuffle out quietly.

Clark's kid, Philip, walked in a few weeks ago. With 58 missions as a Fifteenth Air Force aerial gunner, he had earned out with 92 points. His old man explained the setup to his 21-year-old son—just the way he explains to all the rest.

"It's a regular song I sing them," Clark says. "It answers all their questions."

First he tells them about the extra bonus of $100 that every son of Massachusetts is entitled to. (Vermont, New Hampshire and some other states have one, too.) Then he asks the veterans if they are going back to their old job. He tries to talk them into applying for the job within 90 days of their discharge, as job insurance—even if they intend looking elsewhere.

About 90 percent of the men reporting back to the Norwood board do return to their old jobs. The other 10 percent are looking around for something better, or figure on taking advantage of the free schooling setup under the GI Bill of Rights. If a man intends going to school or taking off after a new job, Clark sends him downstairs to the offices of the Rehabilitation Committee for the Norwood area. The committee, which began planning two years ago, has worked out a pretty good deal for returning vets with health, employment or educational problems.

THERE'S one executive from every large business firm in Norwood, Foxboro and Sharon (the three towns that comprise Local Board No. 119's territory) on the Rehabilitation Committee's employment section. They know exactly what jobs are available in every business and plant in their territory.

Leading educators from the surrounding schools and colleges handle the schooling problems. If the veteran is interested in refresher courses, apprentice training, collegiate or professional study, he can get the necessary help.

All doctors in the towns comprise the Rehabilitation Committee's medical section. They are available for consultation and advise a veteran as to his rights in the treatment of any ailment.

Clark says that there have been very few dischargees who have returned with a problem that couldn't be solved, but he points out quickly that, so far, only 25 percent of the 2,103 men that No. 119 sent to war have returned. (Seventy-five men, killed in action, will never return.)

"We haven't had any extreme cases come in yet," he said. "Yes, there have been some who marched in here nervous and a bit uncertain of their place in civilian life, but that's to be expected of almost any man who has been away from civilian life for any length of time, whether or not he's been in combat."

It took Clark's kid a month to readjust himself. He was nervous and fidgety, but now he's okay.

"I don't see a helluva lot of him," Clark said. "He's out with the gang most of the time. In February he starts going to sheet-metal trade school — says he doesn't want to finish high school. Wants to learn something useful to make a living. That's the way most of the youngsters feel who are coming back these days."

Clark said the war took its heaviest physical toll among the older men drafted from Norwood. The fellows who were drafted when they were 30 or so return looking older, more sober. Even the men of the same age who were not drafted from Norwood, says Clark, have aged during the past four or five years. But young or old, every man returning to Norwood has matured mentally—much more so than if he'd remained a civilian, Clark thinks.

It was just a little more than five years ago that Massachusetts Local Board No. 119 opened for business. Nobody in Norwood, Foxboro or Sharon has any idea how the five members of the board were selected. But the choices for the voluntary jobs worked out pretty damn well—a situation not true of all U. S. draft boards.

MAYBE it was because the five who were chosen typified the 30,000 under the board's jurisdiction. Men like Russel McKenzie, who runs McKenzie Motor Sales and Service Company of Foxboro. In World War I he served overseas as an Army captain. McKenzie became board chairman in 1942, when the original chairman, Clifford B. Sanborn, a district court judge, died after a prolonged illness.

Then there is Ed Flaherty, who runs Norwood's largest haberdashery and serves as chairman of the local Board of Assessors. He was a chief petty officer in our 1917-18 Navy. Charles E. Houghton, a 62-year-old, hard-hitting attorney, served on Norwood's draft board in the last war; Gardner C. Derry, another World War I vet, is general manager for the General Electric Plant near Norwood; Henry Crosby, with a son in service, manages the Winslow Brothers and Smith Tannery in Norwood.

The five men received telegrams requesting their services from Leverett Saltonstall, then Governor of Massachusetts, on Oct. 9, 1940. "The way the telegram was worded," says Flaherty, "it just couldn't be turned down. It was like being drafted." None of the board members is paid for his services, but the full-time chief clerk, Clark, gets a salary.

On Oct. 14, 1940, the board met for the first time, and by noon on Oct. 16 the first of 5,577

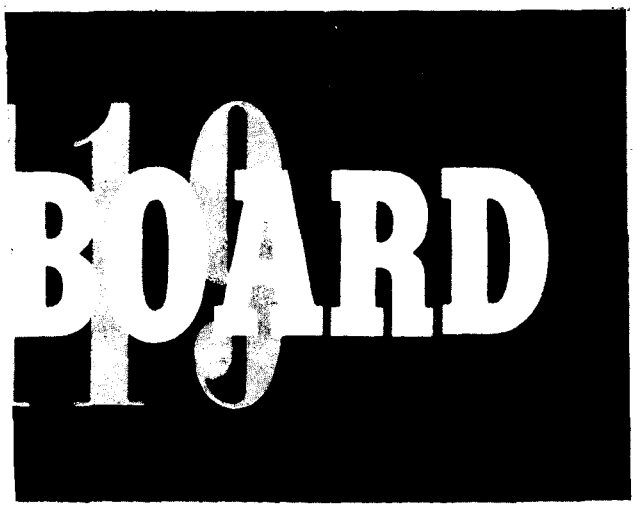
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men had registered with draft board No. 119.

Right from the start, the board men agreed to give everyone the squarest deal possible, and the citizens of the three communities will tell you that the board was a fair, smoothly operating organization. Yet behind the closed doors of the board's meeting room, there was plenty of haggling, name-calling and sometimes almost fist-fights, before the members arrived at unanimous votes that determined all policy questions.

The first problem was by far the most important that No. 119 ever handled during its five years. It was the question of drafting pre-Pearl Harbor fathers. No. 119 made—and stuck to—a very unusual ruling that was not typical of most of the nation's draft boards: Not one father in Norwood, Sharon or Foxboro was drafted away from his wife and pre-Pearl Harbor child. At first it was fairly easy to carry out this ruling, but, as the manpower barrel emptied, there were times when it looked bad for pre-Pearl Harbor fathers.

The board held long and tedious sessions, sometimes lasting until the early hours of the morning, and somehow they always managed to find a false bottom to their manpower barrel. Only two pre-Pearl Harbor fathers entered the service from Norwood—both by enlistment.



THERE were other men in 119 whose patriotism or generosity exceeded their love of home and family. Like the story they tell about Alex Smith and his neighbor, Jim Kelly. Alex's number had come up. On Oct. 2, 1943, the eve of the day he was to report to his draft board for shipment to the Ft. Devens reception center, Alex's wife took seriously ill. Frantic, he tried to figure out some way to keep from leaving in the morning. But his name was already on the quota, and there was not much anyone could do about it.

Jim Kelly kept vigil with Alex at Mrs. Smith's bedside most of the night. When he returned to his house at 4 A.M., he couldn't sleep and tossed in bed, worrying about Alex's problem.

At 8 A.M. Alex pulled himself away from his wife's bedside, threw his toothbrush and a set of underwear into his overnight bag, and stepped out of his front door on his way to the Army. But that was about as far as he got.

Kelly was at the bottom of the steps. Jim had thought of a solution: He was going to substitute for Alex. Together they went to the draft board and explained the situation to Clark. The draft roster was revised. Jim Kelly went off to war and Alex Smith returned to his wife's bedside.

Most of the men classified 4-F were probably damned glad of it, but at least three 21-year-olds in 119's domain didn't take that attitude. As prescribed by Selective Service regulations, they were given 1-A classification cards before their physicals. When they came up for induction, one was ruled out with a punctured eardrum, the second had stomach ulcers, the third's feet were flat as a duck's. Back at the draft board they were handed new registration cards with 4-F ratings.

But the three youths wanted to fight. Tearing up their 4-F tickets and keeping only their obsolete 1-A cards, they traipsed around Boston, 18 miles from Norwood, bragging that though they were 1-A and not working in an essential war industry, their draft board still hadn't inducted them. Eventually they were picked up by the FBI, but instead of being inducted, as they'd hoped, they were bawled out for causing all the trouble of investigating to find out whether they were 4-F.

"We thought maybe you'd make us fight if we stirred up enough trouble," the three boys explained. Convinced that their scheme had failed, they compromised by taking jobs at the Bendix Aircraft Corporation's plant.

If they had been physically fit, defense jobs at Bendix would not have exempted them. Unlike many others, the Norwood board took the stand that very few men in industry were "essential," especially if they were youngsters or older men who had been working in a job for only six months or a year. No. 119 sat down with all the executives of industries in the surrounding territory and explained to them that they could expect their workers to be drafted at any time a quota had to be filled. It was 119's contention that the men who deserved to remain at home were those with responsibilities in the home—like those with widowed mothers or invalid fathers. They treated each potential soldier as a human being and not as a folder in a filing cabinet.

As chairman McKenzie said, "We realized that we were dealing with human lives, and our decisions would steer the course of every man and family we dealt with."

There was one man whose destiny was never influenced by draft board 119. Lawrence Fred Tilton, a powerful, broad-shouldered young man who stands 6 feet 7 inches, disappeared from Foxboro in July 1942. His parents did not hear from him again until a couple of months ago. Tilton was only 14 years old, rather big for his age. Changing the Tilton to Filton and his age from 14 to 18, he had enlisted in the Navy. A powerful swimmer, he volunteered to train with the Navy's Underwater Demolition Units.

Tilton invaded Europe as a bosn's mate 2d class two days before D-Day, a member of the detail that secretly crossed the English Channel on June 4. After placing markers in the Channel to guide the invasion fleet, he went ashore with the others and demolished two German guns and two pillboxes. On D-Day Tilton's ship was blocked by five mines. He swam through heavy enemy fire and cut the mines loose. For this Tilton was awarded the Silver Star. General De Gaulle gave him the Croix de Guerre.

When the Navy discovered Tilton's phony name and age, they changed his records, gave him an honorable discharge because of his exploits and sent him home to Foxboro.

Like the rest of the returning veterans, Tilton reported to 119 when he got back to Norwood. Old man Clark shooed him out:

"Sorry, son, you're not old enough to register. Come back when you're 18."

Another boy, who disappeared from Norwood about the same time as Tilton, had a somewhat different war record. Registering at the draft board, he said his name was Harold J. Cooney and he lived at 1401 Maple St. They gave him a registration card and in due course mailed his questionnaire. It was promptly returned to the draft board—but not filled out. As a matter of fact, the envelope had never been opened; a notation by the postman read, "No such address." "Cooney" had pulled a fast one; all he wanted was a registration card, as protection against being picked up as a dodger. The FBI is still looking for him.

That's the one real draft-dodging case on Board 119's record.

But many an irate mother or wife with a man in the service was positive that the boy next door was a draft dodger. Chairman McKenzie was deluged with anonymous letters and phone calls at all hours of the night from women demanding that So-and-So be inducted. One mysterious woman sent a whole series of letters reporting that a certain young man was dodging the draft. She said he hadn't been hanging around his old haunts any more and wasn't even coming home in daylight hours. But a check-up at the boy's home disclosed that he had enlisted three months before and had merely neglected to notify his draft board.

Incidents like that were just minor troubles for 119. Their only major gripe involved National Selective Service Headquarters. Boardsman Charley Houghton still gets almost apopletic when he recalls the headaches Washington caused the board.

"Regulations were changed so damned fast we couldn't keep up with them," Houghton says. "We would have our monthly quota just about filled and set to go when a change would come in and we'd have to eliminate three-quarters of the men we were about to send off."

He remembers vividly one time in early 1944 when three major changes were received in three successive days. The revisions eliminated all but eight of the 70 men No. 119 had planned to send that month.

"That was about as much as we could stand," Houghton declares. "We just went on strike and sent only those eight men."

All kinds of Army, Navy and Selective Service brass descended on 119 from the capital to whip the draft board back into line. Eventually they ended their strike and went to work again, but Washington, the board members say, has probably never been the same since.

THOSE hectic days are gone forever, and today the draft board runs very smoothly. No. 119 sends about eight 18-year-olds each month. When Clark addressed the Norwood High School senior class recently, he explained that most of them would have to join up when they reached their eighteenth birthday. Calling for a show of hands, he asked how many would have wanted to go if the war was still on; the "aye" vote was unanimous. Then he polled the class to see who wanted to enter the service now the war was over. Not more than six of the 100 youngsters responded. But the rest are not squawking very loudly; for the most part, they are resigned to their fate.

Apart from inducting youngsters, and worrying about rehabilitation of some of the returning veterans, 119's members don't have much to do nowadays. They do worry, though, especially when they receive postcards like the one that Ed Flaherty got in the mail the other day. "You put me in the Army," it said. "Why can't you put me in a job?"

Flaherty and the others try to straighten out men like that one and help get them started in as civilians again before they get too bitter. The board members themselves, though, are a little tired of it all after five years and more. In their hearts they want out, just as do the soldiers whom they inducted.

And like the soldiers, they have done a job. Public Law 112, passed by Congress and signed by the President, authorizes a medal or insignia for members of the nation's selective service boards. No design has been chosen to date, but for the members of Massachusetts Local Board No. 119, the citizens of Norwood and their returning GIs can't think of anything more appropriate than one of those ruptured ducks. For honorable service.

Back in August 1942, Norwood sent off one of its biggest draft groups on the train to Fort Devens.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulation, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents Vol. 4, No. 27, copyrighted, 1945, by Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; Art Director, Sgt. Frank Brandt, Med.; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Jonathan Kilbourn, Sig. Corps; Assistant Art Director, Cpl. Herb Roan, DEML; Pictures, Sgt. John Hay, Inf.; Features, Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Debs Myers, FA; U. S. Editor, Sgt. Allan B. Ecker, AAF; Sports, Sgt. Dan Peller, AAF; Navy Editor, Donald Nugent Sp(X)3c; Associate Editors, Sgt. William McNeany, Inf.; Sgt. Max Nevack, TC.

WASHINGTON, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Engr.; Sgt. John Haverstick, CA.

JAPAN, Sgt. Robert MacMillan, FA; Sgt. Knox Burger, AAF; Sgt. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Mike Detzer, Inf.; Sgt. Dale Kramer, MP; Sgt. Bill Lindau, Inf.; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML; Cpl. James Keeney, Sig. Corps; Robert Schwartz Y2c, USNR; Evan Wylie CSp (PR), USCGR.

PHILIPPINES, Sgt. Jack Fields, DEML; Sgt. Frank Beck, AAF; Sgt. Joe Stefanelli, Engr.; Sgt. Bill Young, Inf.; Cpl. Jim Gianladis, CWS; Cpl. Channing Hadlock, AAF; Cpl. Ralph Izard, Engr.; Cpl. Don Michel, AAF.

CENTRAL PACIFIC, Sgt. Harry Tomlinson, DEML.

MARIANAS, Sgt. James Goble, Armd.; Vernon H. Roberts PhoM3c, USNR.

RYUKYUS, Sgt. Norbert Hildebrand, DEML.

FRANCE, Sgt. Georg Meyers, AAF; Sgt. William Frazer, AAF; Sgt. David Whitcomb, AAF; Sgt. Scott Corbett, Inf.; Sgt. Sam Gilbert, Sig. Corps.

BRITAIN, Sgt. Edmund Antrobus, Inf.; Cpl. Stan Falbisy, AAF; Sgt. George Bailey, Engr.

ITALY, Sgt. Norbert Hofman, Armd.; Sgt. Charles James, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Ira Freeman, Cav.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. John Blay, Inf.; Sgt. Jud Cook, DEML.

ALASKA, Sgt. Tom Shehan, FA.

AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST-PERSIAN GULF, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML.

ICELAND, Cpl. Charles S. Otto Jr., AAF.

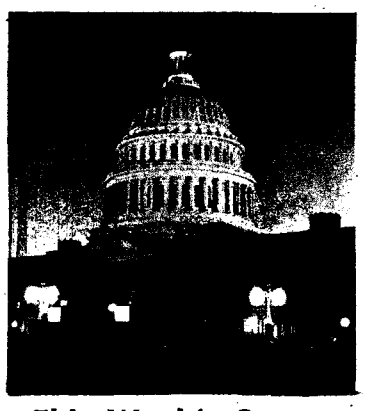
■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Capt. Jack Silverstein, assistant; Philippines, Capt. Max Gilstrap; Japan, Maj. Lewis Gillenson; Central-South Pacific, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; Marianas, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Ryukyus, Capt. Merle P. Millham; Italy, Capt. Howard Carswell; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Panama, Capt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Africa-Middle East-Persian Gulf, Maj. Frank Gladstone.



This Week's Cover

THE lights are shining on the Capitol dome again, and Washington is working hard on the affairs of peace. YANK's Sgt. Brown Roberts took this picture facing west from South Capitol Street. Other pictures of the Washington scene by Sgt. Roberts and Pfc. Harry Wignall are on pages 2 through 7.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. Brown Roberts. 2—Left, upper center, Pfc. Harry Wignall; right, bottom, INP; rest, Sgt. Roberts. 3—Sgt. Roberts. 4—Left, bottom, Pfc. Wignall; rest, Sgt. Roberts. 5—Sgt. Roberts. 6—Left, center, Pfc. Wignall; bottom, Acme; right, top, INP; rest, Sgt. Roberts. 7—Top and center, bottom, Sgt. Roberts; right, center, INP; bottom, Acme; rest, Pfc. Wignall. 12 & 13—Cpl. Ben Periman, No. African Div., ATC. 16 & 17—Harry E. Surette. 20—RKO-Radio. 22—Top, left and right, INP; center, SMU Athletic Assoc.; bottom, left, Oregon AA; center, PA; right, INP. 23—Top, left, Acme; center, Notre Dame AA; right, Look Magazine; center, Evanston Photographic Service; bottom, Acme.

Empty Bombers

Dear YANK:

Every bomber landing here during the last few days has been stripped of all passengers and is continuing to the U. S. with only a five-man crew.

Bitter, stranded, B-17 and B-24 GI passengers are crowding the place. Only ATC planes can carry passengers out of here now. So far ATC can furnish only one C-54 a day.

Our 493d Bomb Squadron, returning home from India, had authorization for a flight echelon of 13 planes to carry 10 men each plus a five-man crew back to the States. Our planes were stripped of all personnel except the five-man crew, along with B-17s from the ETO.

Hundreds of us stranded transients are bitterly wondering how come our good bombers must continue home empty after carrying us two-thirds of the way home?

For days we've watched bombers land and surprised GIs told to get off. Every dawn the empty bombers take off for home and another group of bewildered GIs swear they'll never join any military organization again.

The base personnel are burning, too. Instead of closing up and going home as planned, they are stuck with hundreds of stranded transients.

Brazil —Sgt. OSCAR J. HARRIS

Lined with Greenbacks

Dear YANK:

It is disheartening to read such a "world owes me a living" sob story as delivered to "Mail Call" by Thomas J. Haley in a recent YANK.

Basically, this lad Haley's only gripe is that Uncle Sugar is not providing him with enough spending mulla while sending him — at Government expense — to one of the nation's best colleges. Does this joker want his pockets lined with greenbacks while he revels in the collegiate life which he might have missed completely if he had not been a veteran?

He is typical of many younger men who believe that they have been deprived of a vast amount of the fruits of life. Sure, I know how they feel. But there are millions of veterans who have been similarly deprived and it just isn't conceivable that all of them will receive their just desserts.

Haley and thousands of other more appreciative men are fortunate to have the opportunity of getting at least a year of college education. It's "on the house" and hence one of the few tangible benefits which can be derived from the GI Bill of Rights. Haley should be happy to be a speck in Penn State's collegiate atmosphere and be willing to pay for his chopped steak sandwich and coke at the Corner in State College without slashing at the hand which is feeding him an education.

India —T-4 WILLIAM ENGEL Jr.

Saluting the Japs

Dear YANK:

We are members of the 11th Airborne Division, which is one of the occupation divisions on Honshu. We were the first combat troops to land in Japan after fighting the Nips through the Philippines. We've all worked up a lot of dislike for the bastards after having them turn cannibal and eating our dead on Leyte and we came here expecting to be able to at least look down on them or to ignore them.

However, an order has been issued requiring us to return the salutes of all Japanese. Since nearly all of them, both military and civilian, offer a halfway sort of salute, this order forces us to lower ourselves to highball every damned Nip son that comes along.

Did we whip the bastards only to turn around and get on our knees to them?

Japan —Pfc. WESLEY D. MOORE

Lend-Lease Travel

Dear YANK:

I would like to present a suggestion for the liquidation of the indebtedness on Lend-Lease. This indebtedness, which is a sore spot in our international relations, is used by isolationists to sway emotions and further their own ends.

Here is the suggestion: Have the debtor-nations furnish transportation to and within their countries, lodgings and perhaps mess for veterans and their families who would like to visit these countries.

This would be doing something for the veteran who would like to see again (under more normal circumstances) the countries which he has seen under the stress of war. It would bring commerce to these countries and stimulate trade. The discarding of the uniform and the presence of his family would improve the behavior of the GI, whose actions have been clothed in the anonymity of the soldier. Instead of being a bad ambassador, he will be a good one.

France —Capt. BERNARD ZEAVIN

Recognition?

Dear YANK:

I have had over four years' service, 34 months of which were spent in Australia, and I have held a commission for most of that time. At the present time I am being released from the Army against my will because of the questionable reason that no suitable assignment exists for me.

Before entering the Army, I had been out of high school for only three years, and had no chance to get a real start in life, so now I have no suitable job to return to.

I feel that special provisions should be made for re-employment of officers with a view to the more responsible service they have rendered and the higher living standards they must maintain. I realize that many EM have gripes against officers, but they must realize that many of them turned down OCS, and every man had a chance to go.

I feel that recognition should be given to the man who showed that he had the goods and made the grade. If the Army is going to cast us adrift, the least that can be done is to show their appreciation for the years of responsible service we have rendered.

—Capt. JAMES L. ROGERS

Camp Claiborne, La.

Old Glory

Dear YANK:

When I landed in this area on September 15, I looked forward to seeing our Stars and Stripes waving all over the place. After all, this isn't New Guinea and we've got more buildings here, too.

Well, since then I've been hoping that the picture would change any day now. Hell, I want to see our symbol of liberty flying everywhere. But—no dice, except that I do see the Jap kids waving the "Red Ball" of Japan every so often along the sides of the roads.

I'd suggest that our flag not only be flown in abundance on all buildings but also a replica sewn on the right shoulder of the snappy looking ODs we're to be issued, and a decalcomania sticker for each vehicle. Long may our flag be remembered for all that's fair and good.

Japan —T-5 IRVING SATTELL

Blackjacked

Dear YANK:

There's an awful lot that EM have to do to suit the whim of an officer under the pretext of military necessity, but when our salaries are attached to support a general's desire to show he has a well-supported NCO club, there should be some way for us to say "No" without being made awfully sorry afterwards. I think NCO clubs are fine things when membership is voluntary, but our general's aide informed us at a meeting of all NCOs that it was "the general's wish that all NCOs belong . . . we aren't forcing you, but . . . we feel that if an NCO doesn't want to belong to the NCO club he shouldn't be an NCO." So now it appears that we *will* pay our dues at the pay table or else. NCOs who are being discharged next month will nevertheless have to pay their initiation fees and dues for that month for, as the officer put it, "You're getting $300, aren't you?" Men living off the post with their wives will have no benefits for the first couple of months at least, for "wives, girl friends, or what-have-you" are not allowed. The question is, what recourse have we without personal repercussion?

Fort Logan, Colo. —(Name Withheld)

End of YANK

Dear YANK:

With the passing of YANK, a lot of us are going to feel like the slaves must have felt when A. Lincoln died. Life in the service will be lonesome without YANK. Thanks for being with us.

Santa Ana, Calif —Sgt. E. MAXWELL

"I gotta get out in January—but I can wear the uniform till spring."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK recommends . . . .

An attempt to put together some of the basic suggestions EM have for the improvement of the U. S. Army.

THERE is a sharpening of ears and a stirring of activity in the advertising business these days, and the reason is a strong rumor that the U. S. Army is getting ready to spend three million dollars a year on advertising and publicity. Naturally, the various advertising agencies are interested in securing the Army account. Fifteen percent, the usual advertising agency fee, of three million dollars comes to almost half a million bucks.

The purpose of the proposed advertising campaign, as we understand it, would be twofold—it would help boom recruiting for the peacetime Army we need by making service in that Army look attractive, and it would keep the general, taxpaying public informed as to the desirability of having an Army and as to what improvements were being made in training that Army.

YANK has been serving as the magazine of the enlisted man for some three and a half years now, and we feel that we know pretty much about the Army. We are even willing to give the Army—for free, without even a fifteen percent commission—some advice on how to make itself more appealing to recruits, how to keep the voting public happy about it and how to save a few millions of dollars in advertising. You see, this peacetime Army will, fortunately or unfortunately, have to be made up of a great many more enlisted men than officers. Our idea is to make it more attractive to these enlisted men—and, incidentally, a better Army all around.

The ideas we suggest are offered sincerely. They are a composite of what the enlisted man has been thinking about all along, a gathering of material which has been piling up in YANK's mail bag and of observations made by YANK enlisted-men correspondents in all theaters of the war and at home.

FIRST, let's have more promotion from the ranks. By this we mean that every possible position requiring a commissioned officer should be filled by a man who has had some service as a GI. Let every West Pointer, either just before entering or just after leaving the Academy, put in a year as a noncommissioned soldier. Knock out political appointments of officers, and, in those cases where some officers have to be directly commissioned to do a certain job, make public their qualifications for the job and let them be passed upon by a board of officers who *have* had experience in the ranks before granting their commissions.

Such a system would give enlisted men an incentive to work toward eventual officership and would attract a smarter type of soldier to recruiting offices. It would also deal a blow to the "officer-caste" type of thinking which is already in danger of permeating our entire Army. Something like this "officer caste" came into power in Germany and the German General Staff, and a 130-year cycle of wars—two of them world wars—was the result.

YANK believes that a man should not be eligible for officership because of an accident of birth or education or political connection. An officer should be given the opportunity to prove himself first in the ranks. Perhaps there should be no dividing line between commissioned and noncommissioned—just a promotion ladder going straight on up from private to general.

For our second improvement, let's have all promotions—both noncommissioned and commissioned—on a basis of competitive examination without overdue attention to seniority. Between two equally qualified candidates, personal preference of the officer in charge will necessarily be the deciding factor. But let's have a few less sergeants made sergeants simply because they're good guys, and let's put an end to the ridiculous sight of capable young junior officers prancing around their CO like so many newly rich women around a reigning dowager, trying by this favor and that attention to buck their way a grade higher. As to seniority, there is no evidence that hardening of the arteries, even in colonels, is an infallible index of brain power.

And let's do something about making officers as liable under military law for their errors and faults as GIs already are. Every enlisted man knows that an officer can, and sometimes does, get away with a hell of a lot without any more serious bother than a reprimand and a change of station. If an officer is unfit, don't just ease him into a clerical job or hold up his next promotion a month or two. Bust him, as you'd bust a corporal in the same position. If the officer's good, he can climb up again. That seems to be Army reasoning in the case of GI malfeasances; why not apply it to officers?

LET'S also do something about keeping distinctions of rank in their proper place. Rank, and the respect due to it, are necessary for the organization of the Army. There must be men to give orders and other men to obey them, but there is no need to differentiate between officers and men off post or off duty. This differentiation has been made in this war and it has had uniformly bad results. Let's get rid of it.

As a first step here, let's abolish differences in uniform (except for insignia), in messing facilities, in equipment, in quarters. Perhaps in this last instance there might be fewer men assigned to a room as rank increased, but there should be no difference in type or quality of housing.

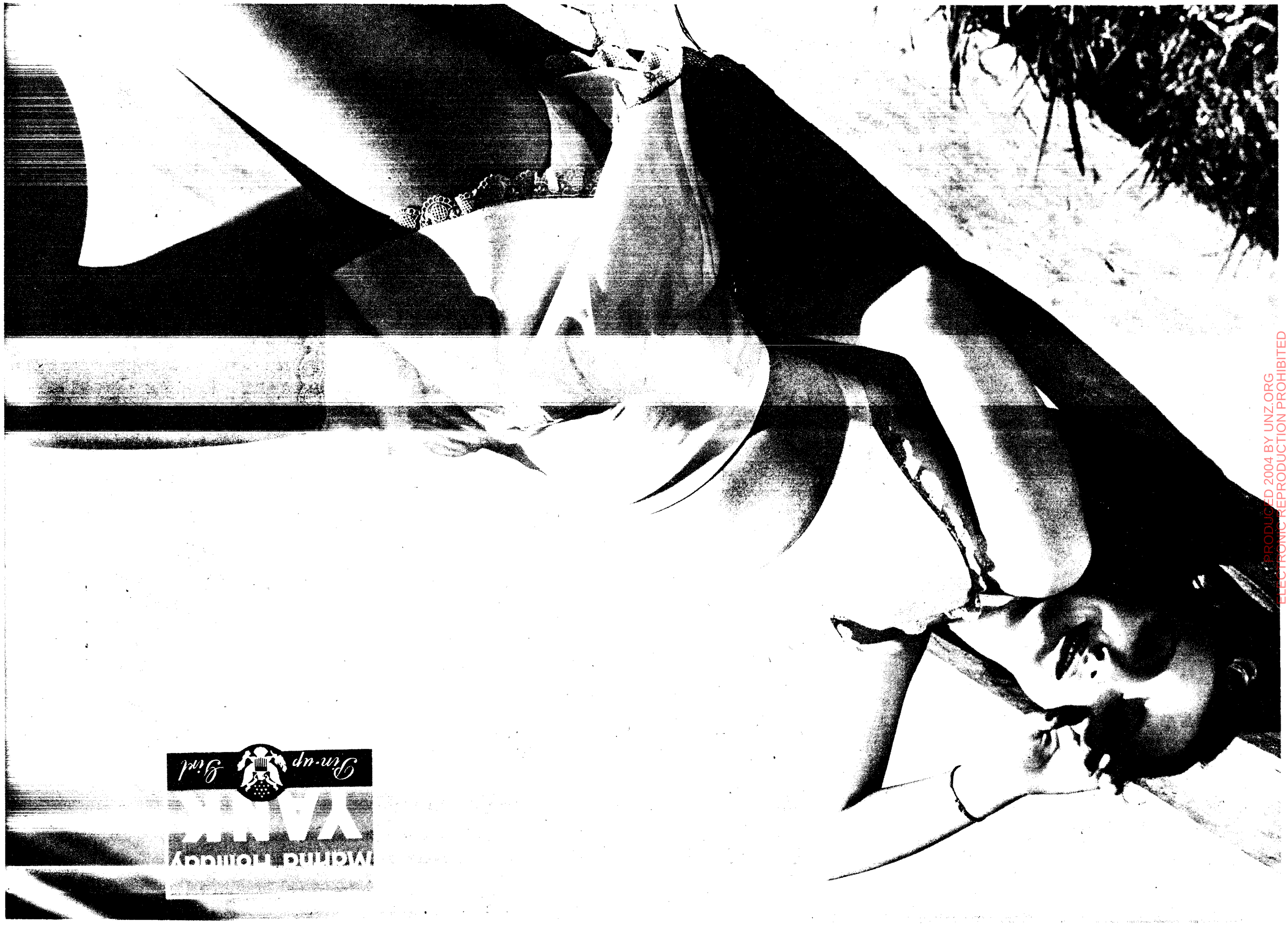
All ranks should have the same type of quarters for the same reason that they should have the same type of food. And for the additional reason that there has been no single cause of GI hatred for officers—and we use the word hatred advisedly—greater than the hatred stirred by looking out of a match-box barracks or a dust-ridden tent to see your platoon commander breezing off to a soft bed in officers' quarters or a quick one before dinner at the chrome and plastic bar of a movie-type officers' club.

There should be no social difference because of rank, because there are no social differences in the human beings involved—except as individuals. You'll find many a bore, and even a boor or three, with stars on his collar, and there are some charming and amusing people with only one stripe or less on their sleeves. There is no reason why the captain can't come to the movie early enough to get a good seat, and no reason why a GI can't cut in for a dance with the prettiest girl in town—she being willing, of course.

The most depressing spectacle of this war, and the most disgusting for some soldiers who had a slight pride in the fact that they were said to belong to a "democratic" Army, was the sign "Off Limits to EM." The idea that the technical artificiality of rank, a label useful only to clarify the chain of command, could entitle one man to eat in a good hotel and banish another to a fly-specked zinc counter has no part in any Army that represents the United States.

We on YANK believe the Army can benefit by studying these suggestions. We believe that improvement within the Army is just three million times as important as publicity outside the Army. We believe that ours can be as fine an Army as its potentials promise only by hard work from within on the part of every GI and every officer, and by sharp observation from without by every civilian.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

Christmas 1945

THIS is the promise that hangs on the tree
Next to the brightly colored ball, reflecting
Light with the tinsel, heartening children
To reach out their hands to grasp it—
"Peace, and good will."

"Why can't I reach it?" the child asks.
"Why do we never reach it?" the child grown older
Asks after the mud of France and Buna,
After the corpses that fertilized the Huertgen Forest
Or flaked off flesh to leave white bones on Iwo.

Why can't we reach it, if we grow as men?
The tinsel ornaments that teased the child,
The child can reach with years, but Man
Grows older, wiser, more proficient in play and work,
To have his hopes elude him still.

The simplest thing we fought for was this peace,
And still our world wheels small among the stars,
A sphere in chaos, split by sound of guns,
Giving off vapor of decaying dead, confused
And irritable with argument and hate.

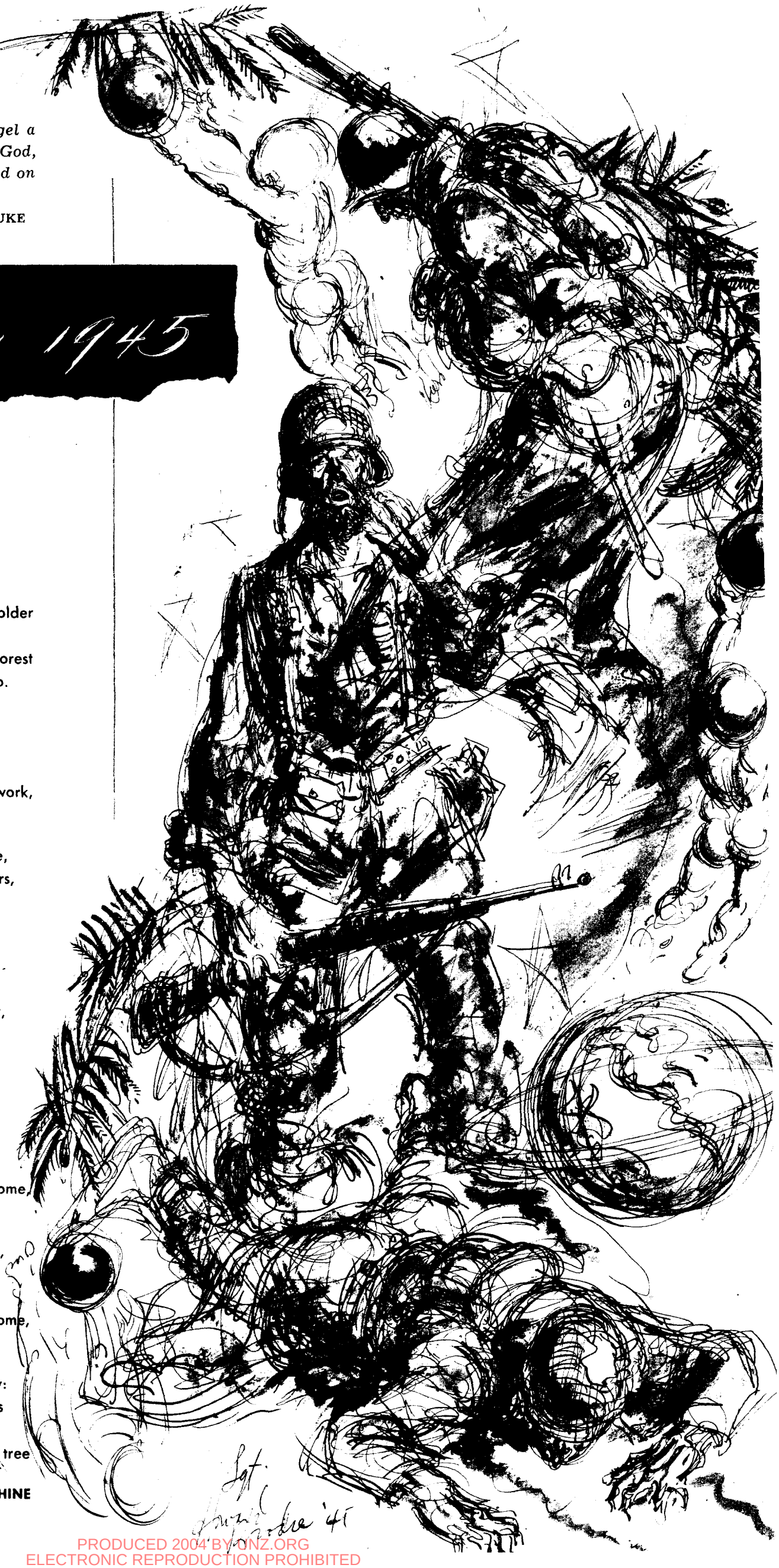
This peace we soldiers know as victory
Must be more than the end of some years' war,
Must be more than an iridescent trimming
Packed up in paper when the tree is down
To be forgotten for another twelvemonth.

Peace to be kept must live, to live must have
Good will toward men to nourish every breath
And moment of its being. We, the men
Who fought well, fell, suffered or stayed at home,
Must speak for all men everywhere.

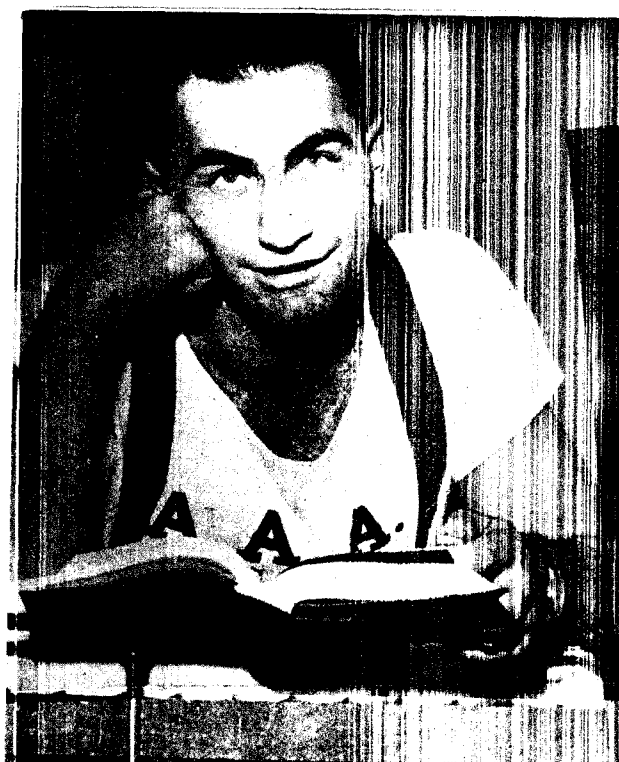
Our hopes can't reconvert like planes or tanks,
Be scrapped like guns or uniforms.
Our hopes must live, our Christmas be
More than mere thanks for home or dreams of home,
But resolution for the future.

There are good Christmas words said on this day:
"Peace and good will." They have been words
Too long; they must be acts and feeling now,
And full of meaning. They must be taken off the tree
To make a battle cry for waging peace.

—Sgt. AL HINE

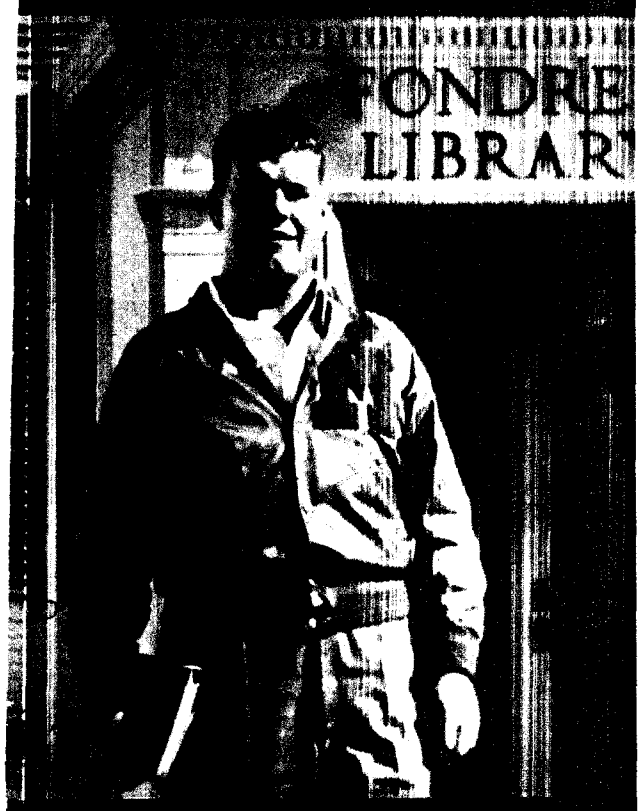


PRODUCED 2004 BY ONZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AL NEMETZ played a steady, near-perfect tackle in Army's powerful line. He could ride an opposing line-backer out of the Stadium on Davis' end sweeps.

DOC BLANCHARD was an All-American fullback if there ever was one. This human tank did everything but blow up the football and count the gate receipts.



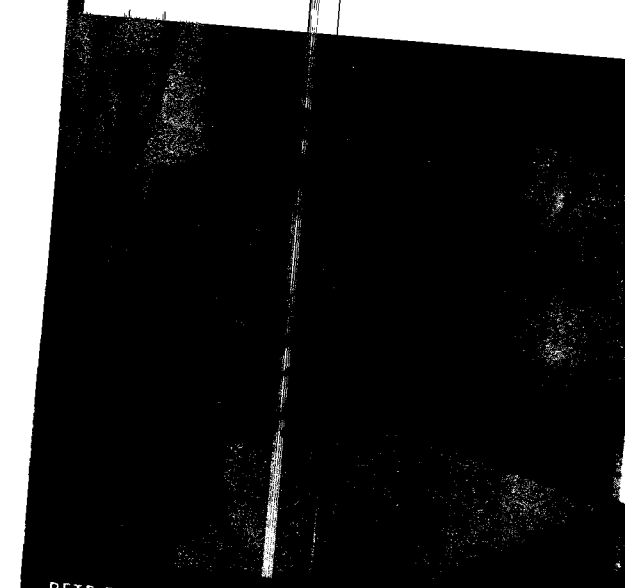
TOM DEAN of SMU was called the roughest defensive tackle ever to play in the Southwest. Opponents usually ran two plays at his side of line, then quit.

JAKE LEICHT, Oregon back, was a surprise choice. Coast coaches rated him even greater than St. Mary's publicized Wedemeyer. Here Jake feeds Don Richard.

VAUGHAN MANCHA (left) intercepted so many passes backing up Alabama's line that he looked like an end. He joins teammate Harry Gilmer in some harmony.

JACK GREEN, Army's highly gifted guard, could pul out of the line or raise hell playing in it. He lea interference for Mr. Forked-Lightning Glenn Davis

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETE PIHOS, fullback at Indiana, was shifted to quarter at suggestion of Bernie Bierman, who said Pete was too great to be shunned because of Blanchard.

JOHN MASTRANGELO, Notre Dame guard, hit his peak against Navy, making tackles all over the field. He even looked like an All-American against Army.

GLENN DAVIS teamed with Blanchard to give Army the most feared one-two scoring punch in the business. Davis hit outside, Blanchard down the middle.

YANK's All-America

WITH APOLOGIES TO ARMY

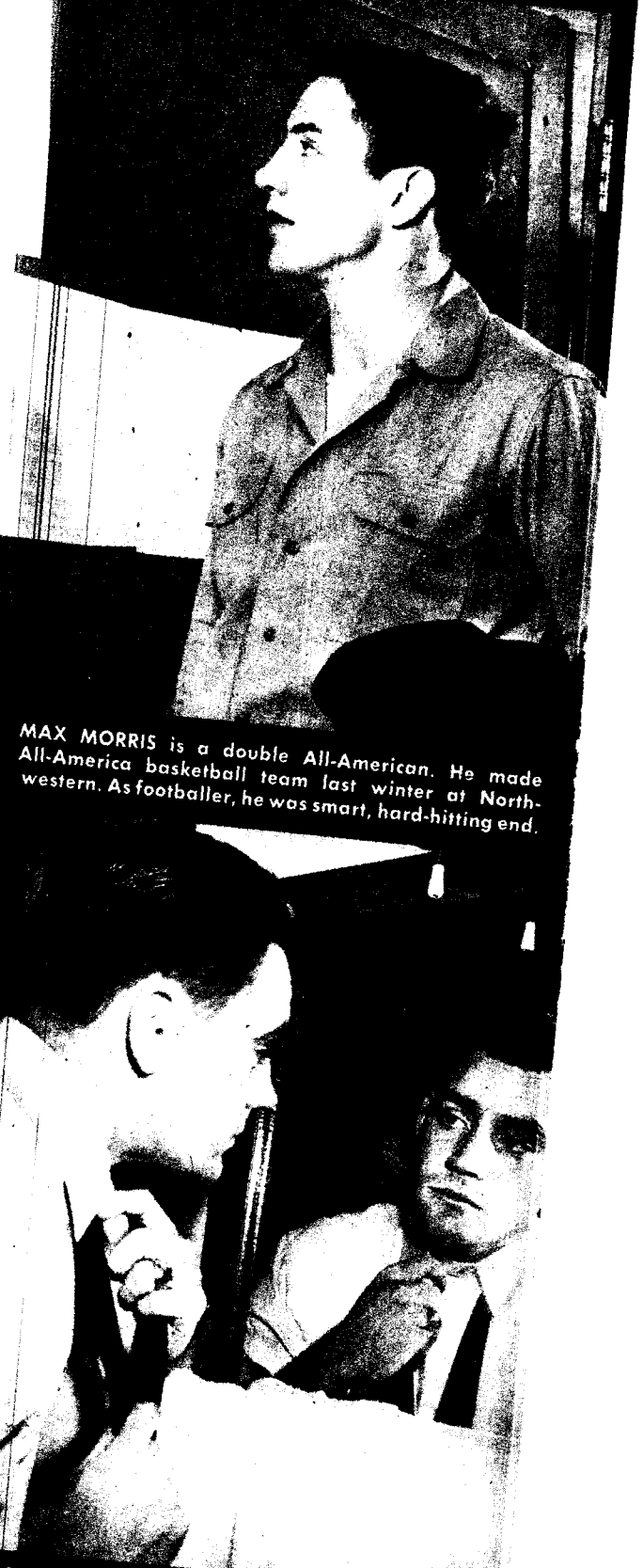
PICKING any all-star team is sheer foolishness and should be attempted only by qualified Section Eights. Proceeding on this assumption, we turned the job of selecting YANK's 1945 College All-America football team over to 25 of the country's leading coaches. These gentlemen are the only Section Eights we know. You can find them any Saturday on the 50-yard line tightly encased in straitjackets.

If we had picked this All-America team we would have named the Army first-string intact. We thought every guy in the Army lineup played his position as though he invented it and that all of them combined the best features of Nagurski and Grange. But after looking over the coaches' All-America selections, which you see spread out on these pages, we came to the conclusion that their team—even without 11 Army men on it—was still a highly formidable outfit.

Although we let the coaches pick the team, we named the captain—Mr. Jack Green, Army's great guard—on the theory that if he was good enough to run the Army eleven he was obviously the man to lead this collection of all-everythings.

Now, then, YANK's 1945 All-America team:

POS.	PLAYER AND SCHOOL	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HOME TOWN
E.	Richard Duden, Navy	6 ft.	203	New York City
T.	Tom Dean, Southern Methodist	6 ft. 3 in.	255	Conroe, Tex.
G.	Jack Green, Army (Captain)	5 ft. 11 in.	190	Shelbyville, Ky.
C.	Vaughan Mancha, Alabama	6 ft.	238	Birmingham, Ala.
G.	John Mastrangelo, Notre Dame	6 ft.	200	Vandergrift, Pa.
T.	Albert Nemetz, Army	6 ft.	191	Prince George, Va.
E.	Max Morris, Northwestern	6 ft. 1 in.	195	West Frankfort, Ill.
QB.	Pete Pihos, Indiana	6 ft.	210	Chicago, Ill.
HB.	Jake Leicht, Oregon	5 ft. 10 in.	168	Stockton, Calif.
HB.	Glenn Davis, Army	5 ft. 9 in.	170	Claremont, Calif.
FB.	Felix Blanchard, Army	6 ft.	205	Bishopville, S. C.

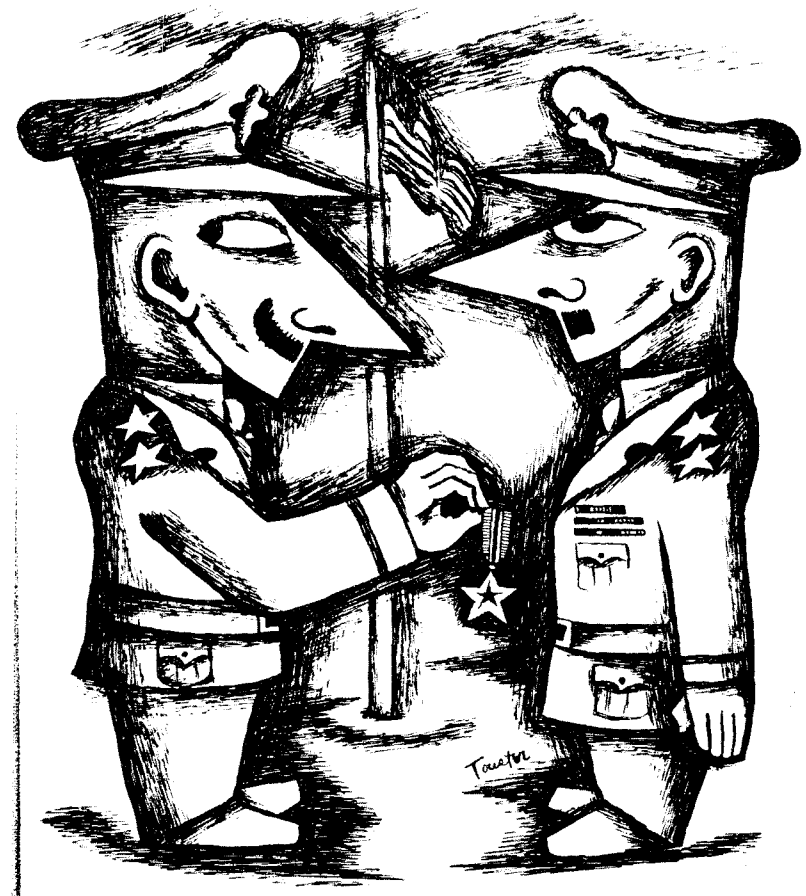


MAX MORRIS is a double All-American. He made All-America basketball team last winter at Northwestern. As footballer, he was smart, hard-hitting end.

DICK DUDEN is Navy's greatest footballer since Buzz Borries. Last year he was one of nation's best blocking backs. This year, everybody's All-American end.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, TOO, AND ON NEW YEAR'S KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING!"
—Sgt. Tom Flannery



"DON'T FORGET, PULLING, YOU WRITE ONE UP FOR ME TOMORROW."
—Cpl. Irwin Touster

"BOY, WAS HE EVER CHICKEN!"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Pfc. Dan Hughes

"SURPRISE!"
—Cpl. Royden Robinson

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED